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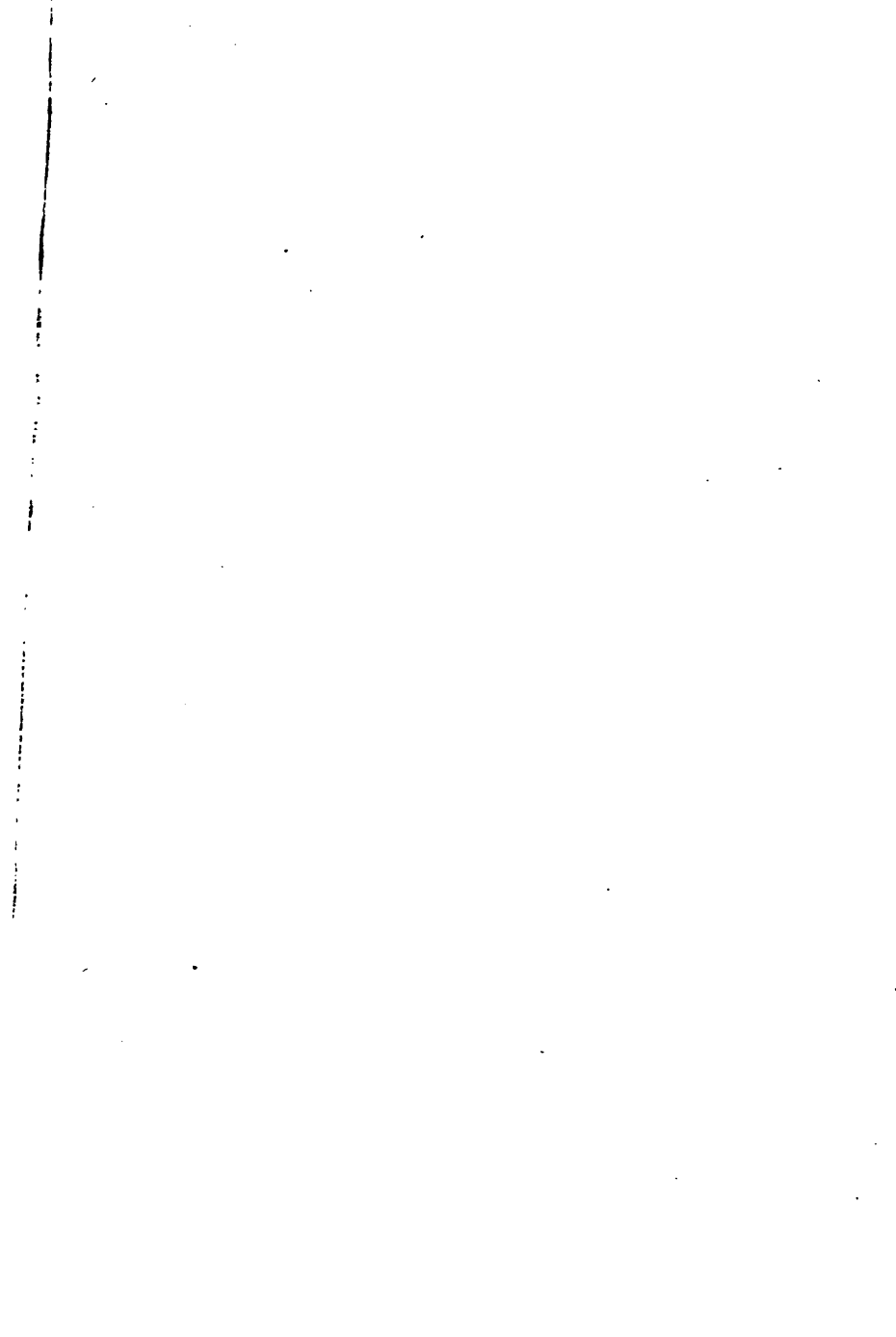
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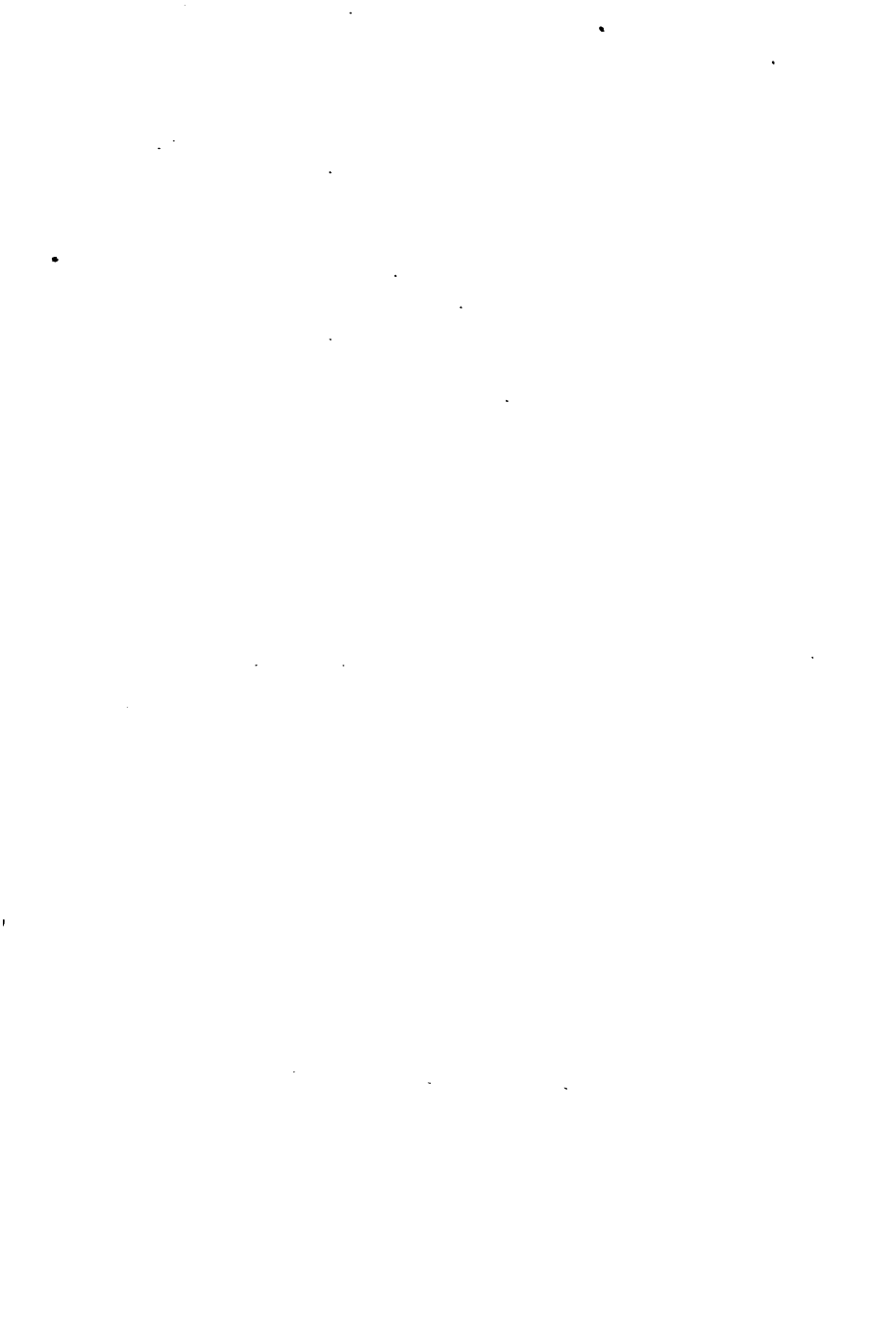


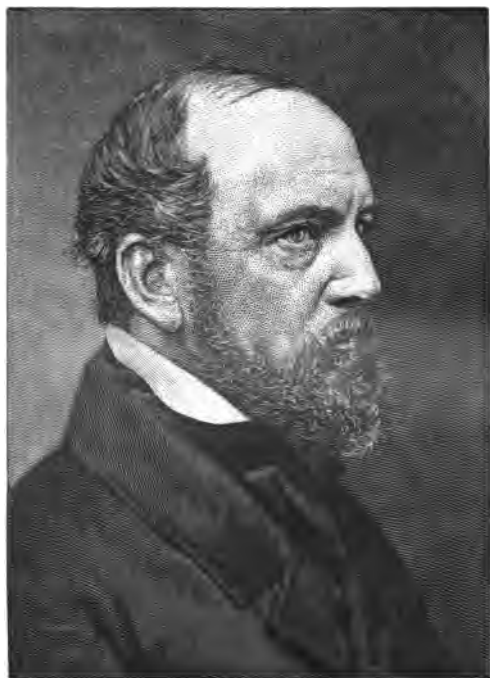


LETTERS  
OF  
HORATIO GREENOUGH.

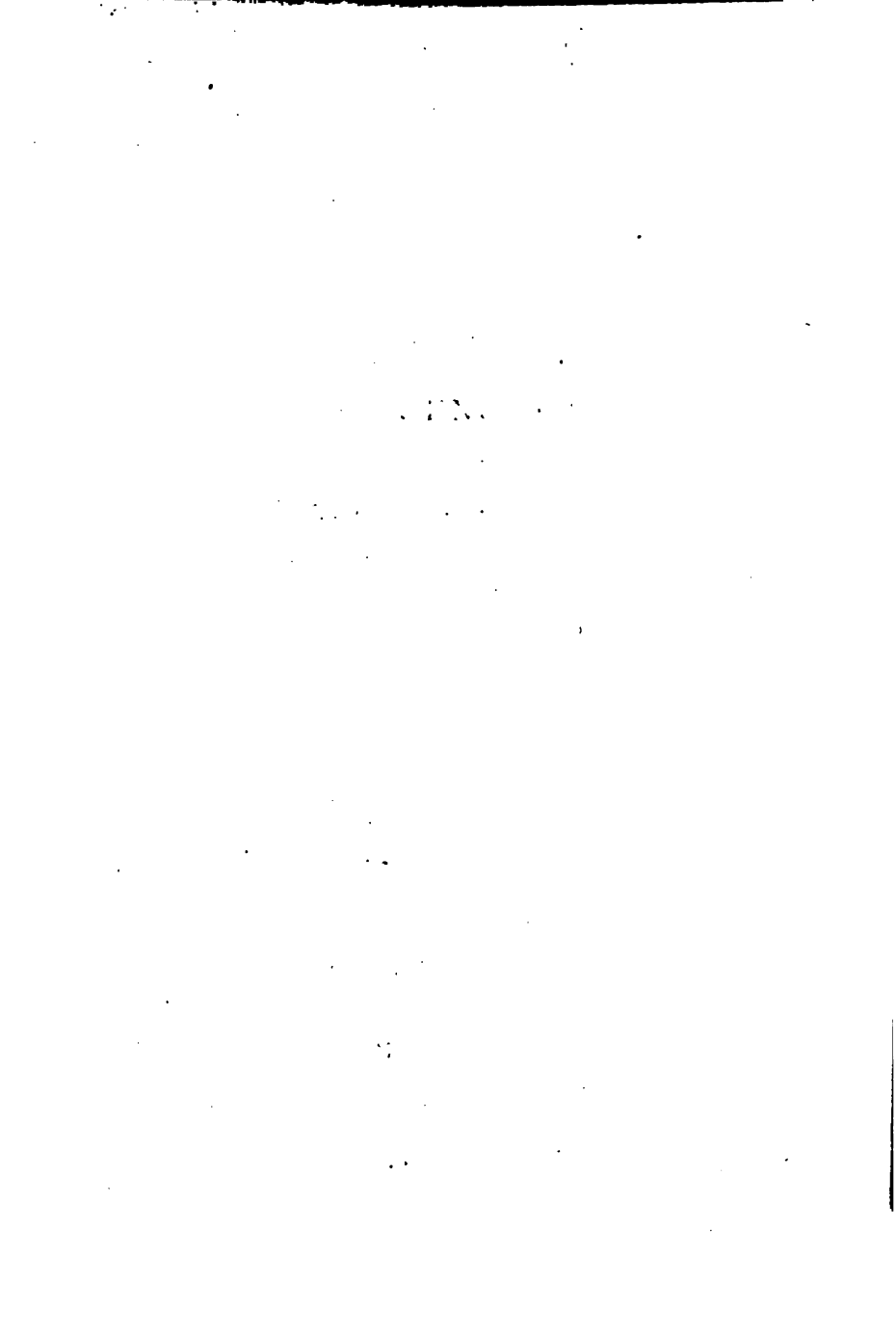








Yours  
Franklin





Yours  
J. H. Hoffman

LETTERS  
OF  
HORATIO GREENOUGH  
TO HIS BROTHER,  
HENRY GREENOUGH.

*With Biographical Sketches*  
AND  
*SOME CONTEMPORARY CORRESPONDENCE.*

EDITED BY  
FRANCES BOOTT GREENOUGH.



BOSTON:  
TICKNOR AND COMPANY.  
1887.

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1887

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## PREFACE.

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HAVING in my possession letters from our earliest sculptor, I have thought it best to publish them, not only that the descriptions of art and society in Europe and America seem to me worth preserving, but because they reveal parts of his character hitherto unknown outside of his intimate friends,—his family affection, patriotism, and freedom from artistic jealousies.

The struggles of genius to make itself known are always interesting; therefore, though suppressing many confidences in depression and elation, there is enough left to show a determination to succeed, and an honest pride in surmounting obstacles.



These letters are written to his brother Henry, who, although two years younger, was the one upon whom Horatio relied for counsel, business advice, and sympathy in his art. Their lives were so intimately blended that a notice of the one involves that of the other. In spite of very straitened circumstances, their early years spent together in Italy were full of hope, happiness, and industry; and in the sad moments foretelling a fatal illness, the voice which soothed and influenced the sculptor was the one which had always cheered him in health and encouraged him in anxiety.

"They were lovely and pleasant in their lives," but divided by many years in their deaths.

The answers from Henry Greenough to these letters have been lost; but in those addressed to him may be found sure indications of his character.

A short mention of the other sons of the family will make the correspondence more clear.

John, the eldest, was born in 1801. He showed when young a love of design. Leaving college before his Senior year, he went to London, where he supported himself for some years by painting. Afterwards his brother Horatio sent for him to go to Florence. He lived there for a time, and died in Paris in 1852.

Alfred, the fourth son, was born in 1809. He was interested in art, but never studied it. He entered into business as a commission merchant in the Mediterranean trade. Always an enthusiastic Democrat (as were his brothers Horatio and Henry), he wrote frequently and earnestly in favor of that side of politics, his articles being published in the "Morning Post." He died in 1851.

Richard Saltonstall, the youngest of the sons (born in 1819), distinguished himself at an early age by a portrait bust of Prescott the historian, a fine bronze group of a "Shepherd Boy and Eagle," and the statue of Franklin in School Street. He

has lived in Rome for many years, where his later works are well known.

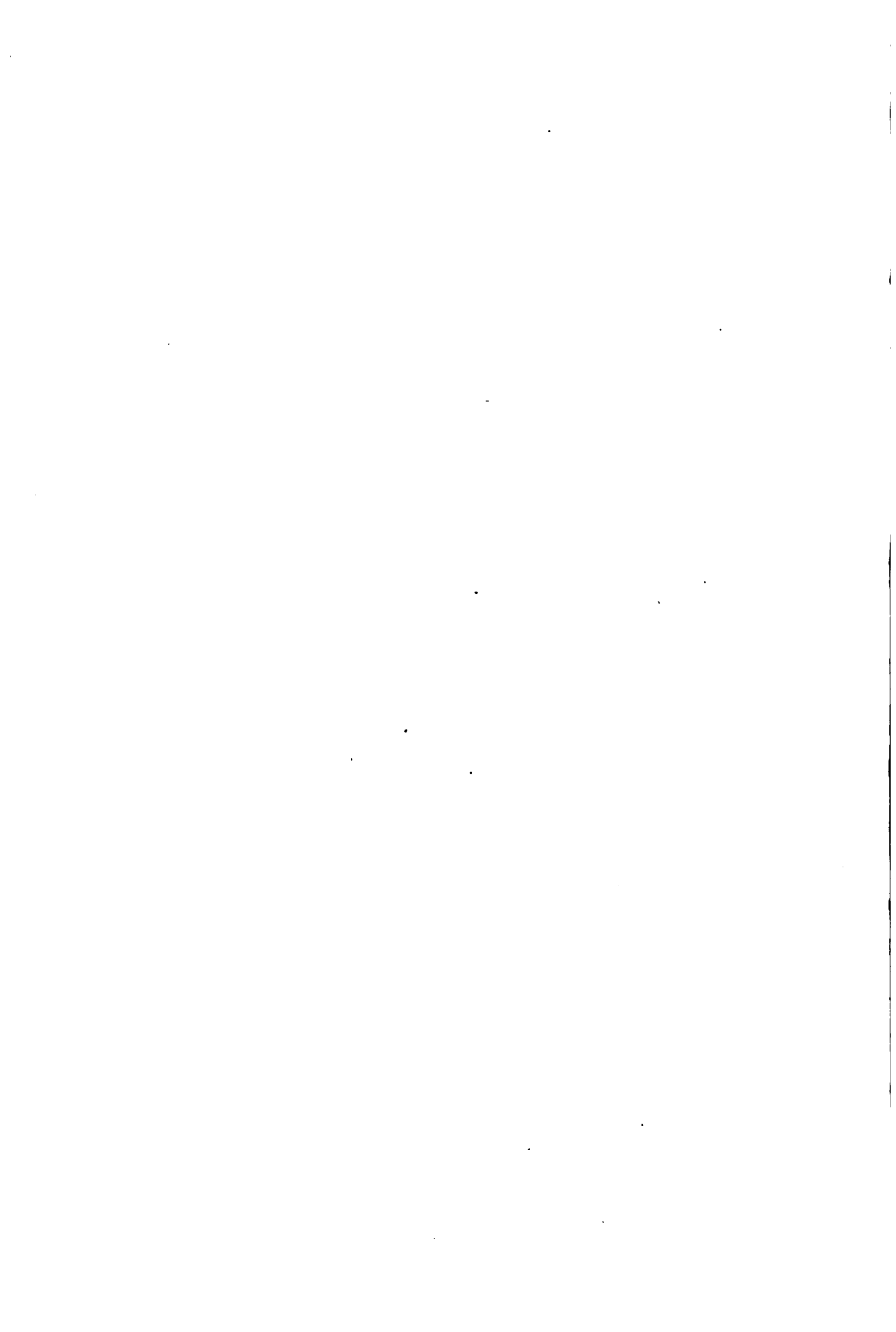
One of the daughters also (had time been spared from household cares) possessed all the natural gifts requisite for an artist.

CAMBRIDGE, *May*, 1887.

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## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

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**H**ORATIO GREENOUGH, born in 1805, was one of a family of eleven children, of whom one daughter died in infancy and another at the age of thirteen.

The influence of heredity is much more understood than formerly, family traits not only being accepted but expected. What surprised Boston friends then, however, is unaccountable now ; for in neither of the parents (nor ancestors so far as is known) can an explanation be found for the love and devotion to art shown by many of the children.

David Greenough the father was a sensible, practical, honorable man from Wellfleet on the Cape. John Greenough his father, with a collegiate education and good talents, died at the age of thirty-nine, and

David was obliged to support himself. He married early, and by industry and perseverance maintained his wife and children. Later he became a very successful dealer in real estate, in connection with Mr. J. P. Thorndike, entering into extensive operations of buying, selling, and building. At one time he owned the greater part of Brattle Street, the Province House estate, and parts of Chestnut, Summer, and other streets. Several houses in Colonnade Row were built by Mr. Greenough ; the one at the corner of West Street was his home for some time, afterward inhabited by Amos Lawrence for many years. Encouraged by these flattering prospects, he extended his business too far, and on the eve of insuring wealth met with an untoward reverse. He died at the age of sixty-two years, leaving his estate, heavily mortgaged, to the care of his son Henry, who gradually redeemed it from an apparently hopeless condition.

The mother of this large family was born in Marlborough. She was of robust health, living to the age of eighty-nine ; passionately fond of Nature, with a facility for writing and a love of reading, but with neither knowledge nor appreciation of art.

To quote from a notice by Henry Greenough in Dunlap's "Arts of Design": "It has been suggested," he writes, "that seeing our eldest brother constantly engaged in drawing and painting may have induced Horatio to do the same, from mere imitation. I think not; for it was the beauty of form that early manifested itself in him in the manufacture of playthings. His carved wooden daggers were in great demand by his playfellows; and I remember a small pistol of his making, inlaid with flowers and ornamented work, of thin strips of lead, which when new had the appearance of silver. I could mention numerous instances of this kind, but will only speak of our favorite amusement, the making of little carriages, horses, and drivers of beeswax of different colors, which, being very small (the wheels of the circumference of a cent), were the admiration of our visitors. The carriages were graceful in form, lined with silk and trimmed with gold cord; and the horses being well modelled, they had the air of a Liliputian noble's equipages. Our parents gave us a small room for the manufacture and preservation of these articles, invention suggesting the idea of laying out



on long tables estates for the supposed proprietors. We made ground-plans of houses and stables, the apartments being divided like pews in a church by partitions made of drawing-paper, furnished with miniature articles ; and with these puppets adventures were dramatically gone through for two years in play-hours, when the system, having arrived at what seemed the *ne plus ultra*, was abandoned for some new project."

In a letter from one of the family later, we find this allusion to their youthful occupations : " Ask Horatio if he recollects his first workshop,—the well-curb turned sideways, where he and you read the 'Life of Benvenuto Cellini' ? When tired of his constrained position, he would get out and fire corn-cobs at the yellow cats in the field; and do you recollect your descent from the top of the barn with an umbrella ? You were boys, indeed ! "

To resume from Henry Greenough's short biographical sketch, which, with Henry T. Tuckerman's graceful memoir, and a notice by his friend and fellow-artist Robert W. Weir, of New York, are all the accounts to be found of Horatio's life : " He

was placed early at school, instructors being changed as more eligible situations presented themselves. Most of them were masters of country academies. I recollect twelve different persons, under most of whom we studied together."

They were happy at Lancaster, where the late George B. Emerson fitted them for college. Henry remained longer than his brother, and never forgot his teacher's kindness. Observing that the boy really loved study, he often heard him recite in the evenings, gave him part of his own room, and was of the greatest advantage to him.

Horatio entered college in 1821, Henry in 1823. At one period there were four of the brothers in Harvard; Horatio, however, was the only one remaining to his Senior year, financial troubles obliging their father to remove his younger sons. He was remarkable in college for great command of language, verbal memory, and love of the classics; to mathematics he always had a repugnance. "At that time," says Tuckerman, "he was the ideal of a gifted youth, fitted both in person and mind to attract attention and admiration." Receiving as a reward for his scholarship a part at Com-

mencement, he wrote it, but from diffidence failed to deliver it. He left America at the end of his Senior year, embarking for Leghorn and proceeding to Rome. "Notwithstanding the benefit he derived from his studies at Cambridge, I have heard him say," to quote from his brother's remarks, "he estimated them but little in comparison with what he obtained from the friendship of Washington Allston. With him and Mr. Edmund Dana [in whose house he and his classmate John Howard lived], he spent much of his time during his Junior and Senior years. By him his ideas of art were elevated, and for him he always cherished both love and veneration."

During his college life he competed for the monument to be placed on Bunker Hill, making a model in wood, which was selected. The interior arrangements were planned by another, but the form and proportions were adopted from his model.

He wrote a series of essays on Art in 1852. In one of them he says: "The obelisk has, to my eye, a singular aptitude in its form and character to call attention to a spot memorable in history. It says but one word, but it speaks loud.

If I understand its voice it says, 'Here!' It says no more. For this reason it was that I designed an obelisk for Bunker Hill."

These are the ripe thoughts of the man who planned that monument before he was twenty years old.

The following is his first letter from Europe.

## FIRST VISIT TO EUROPE.

NO. 18 RUE DE LA DARCE,  
MARSEILLES, Aug. 1, 1825.

MY DEAR HENRY, — You have no doubt learned, even if you have not received my letter from Gibraltar, that not finding passage for Leghorn there, I came to this port with John Apthorp.

We had a cloudless passage of fifteen days, reading, writing, conversing, enjoying the sight of vessels and of the land, and found on our arrival we had a quarantine of fifteen days to perform. We have been in the town nearly a fortnight, and I hardly expect to see Leghorn for ten days to come. You may have heard that the small-pox and varioloid rage here. The worst is over, and the disease is confined to the filthier parts of the old town; even there its worst effects are felt only among the infants who have not been vaccinated. I might tell you that the clergy are charged with dissuading the people from adopting

that remedy ; but there is so much fanatical hatred of that body in France among those who style themselves liberals, that I pay little attention to their tirades.

My first care was to write to John, to which he replied. I answered, and assured him we should yet laugh over these hard times and the anxiety they are causing us.

Apthorp and I are at a Swiss house in the finest part of the city. Mr. Day, the son of the President of Yale College, is in the same house. We live cheaply and well. There is a quarantine for vessels at Leghorn, to and from this port, which will be over in a few days. For that I am waiting.

So they are making a noise about the tariff at the South.

France is just now very prosperous. She is rich by Nature; if there are no great political drains, she fattens in a few years. They know little about liberty here. They rant, and talk, and fume, and love to make the most of the prerogative. In short, there is here a cant of freedom, — the noisiest of all cants.

The façade of the Hôtel de Ville, by Puget, is not to my taste. The Musée is

paltry beyond belief. At Château Borelly, however, I had a fine treat. This is a palace built near the sea, at the distance of a pleasant ride from the city, in a style of architecture quite to your taste. In front is a lake for fish and swans, and on the posts, rich bronze vases after the antique.

It is refreshing to see the Mediterranean from the courtyard, with its islands, and feluccas passing. There's something very picturesque in that craft.

The interior is elegantly finished, the ceilings painted with classic stories, the floors of bright red tiles waxed till they look like carnelian. There is an Andrea del Sarto in the chapel, and a Dead Christ by Bernini; a fine Rembrandt; an Orri-zonte, like Poussin; and quantities of third-rate pictures of pretension. Oh, I nearly forgot a boy by Murillo, the sweetest thing in the house! I mention this, that when you come here (which, you know, is possible), you may be tempted to visit the place.

The French society here is not very accessible. They are merchants chiefly. The lower classes want politeness surprisingly. Their language is distinct. The

Provençale is a mélange of Greek, Latin, Italian, and Spanish, all modified. It is very old, and has a grammar.

I have written to Frank Higginson and John Howard [two of his classmates, to whom he was much attached]. I shall enclose in this some sketches. They are all for you. It will be my greatest delight to divert you.

Send me accounts of home regularly. Take things easily, and remember, *Dum vivimus vivamus*.

I shall inquire for situations that would suit you and Alfred. You should be an artist. I try hard to think your coming abroad probable. I find I make myself understood. I have been reading a great deal on the passage.

I have for a neighbor a confounded parrot; if you should find this disconnected, attribute it to his squawking.

Tell Mrs. Apthorp her son is well. Was it not a pretty thing, my falling in with him? We have been as happy together as may be. Tell the folks at home they must all put their heads together to make me up a letter. Yours affectionately,

HORATIO.



From Marseilles he went to Rome, where he began to study zealously, living in Claude's house with the painter R. W. Weir. He says, "Until then, I had rather amused myself than studied. When I saw the genial forms of Italy, I began to feel Nature's value. I adored her before, but as a Persian does the sun, with my face to the ground."

He had letters to Thorwaldsen, and profited by his criticism and advice.

This excitement and enjoyment were of short duration. He was ardent and indefatigable, and ill prepared for the season of malaria, being exhausted by incessant study, often rising in the night to resume his labors. Serious illness was the consequence. Weir nursed him faithfully, and accompanied him home. Before arriving, however, the sea air had entirely restored him, and he was able to resume his work, modeling a number of busts.

Later, in the winter of 1828, he went to Washington to take the likeness of President Adams. This, being thought successful, led to other orders, and the five following letters from the so-called "South" (in those early days) show that his three months in Washington passed pleasantly and profitably.

## LIFE IN WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 21, 1828.

MY DEAR HENRY, — I am quite settled here, and like the place so well that I could find it in my heart to stay here several months. Through the politeness of Mr. King I have a noble studio in his house. My lodgings cost three dollars per week, and my board about two and a half, so that I spend less money than I had anticipated. I have already found much pleasure in the society of the Bulfinch family. He, you know, is the architect of the Capitol. His lady is one of the finest women in the world.

Mr. Adams gave me his first sitting yesterday morning. A President is a man, you know, and so I put him in. He is much fallen away in flesh since Cardelli modelled him, and the character of his head is improved by it. His brow is unique. He gave me this morning nearly

two hours. I think I have a likeness of him.

Harding is here, and being desirous of studying upon an unfinished head, I offered to allow him to paint while I was modeling. Mr. Adams is very agreeable as a sitter; he talks all the while, has seen much of art and artists, and remembers everything. He told me the dates of Copley's life, and even corrected me with regard to Thorwaldsen. His enthusiasm (he was very eager this morning in describing the difference between Stuart and Gerard) is of the head. I shall not attempt (as Sully and others have done) to make him look cheerful. He does not and cannot. Gravity is natural to him, and a smile looks ill at home.

I went last evening in a carriage with Bulfinch, Persico, Harding, and Rev. Mr. Green, of Lynn, to the Levee. I enclose a plan of the rooms. We left our hats in the hall where the pillars are marked, and walked in to where the President stood, shook hands, were presented to Mrs. Adams, and then began sauntering, staring, recognizing, talking Italian, drinking coffee, and wondering how the daubs

of Washington and Lafayette — both full length — found their way into such a place. Rooms very hot.

The deaf and dumb young men from New York City were there. They were in the boat with me from Philadelphia. I saw Everett and Webster. I shall model Chief-Justice Marshall if he will sit. There is a deal of party-going. I cut it.

Washington is so spread out that pedestrianism is painful. I think you'll be pleased with some studies of Indians which I shall make here.

The buds are swollen, the birds whistle, the grass starts; we shall have spring directly.

I could fill three sheets with new and old acquaintances, but am pressed for time.

Yours,                      HORATIO.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 28, 1828.

MY DEAR HENRY, — I received yesterday a very pleasant letter from John, written in December. It is written with great vivacity, in good health, and contains proofs of progress. He seems on pleasant terms with Leslie, which gratifies me. He

compares Leslie and Newton, and I am glad to find his opinions of these men (after having seen and examined *them* as well as their works) so much in harmony with the notion I formed of them from the pictures in the possession of Mr. Hone in New York. "His mind," he says, speaking of Leslie, "is delicately formed, its parts nicely balanced and highly developed in detail, but there is nothing tremendous about him. The grandeur of the fifteenth century is to him 'foolishness.' Newton," he goes on, "in color and chiaroscuro, is Nature herself; and were he the draughtsman and student that Leslie is, he would knock him back into the middle of the last century. Who is better than he also in character?"

He speaks with great pleasure of Haydon's relief and re-establishment at his easel by Lord Power, son of the Marquis of Stafford, "a young man of elegant and accomplished mind and of a spirit worthy of his sire, who seems determined to procure as well as afford patronage for the nobler works of art. Most of the noblemen and the wealthier of the higher circles participate in the revival of patronage to

the grand style ; were Allston here with his Belshazzar, he might secure affluence."

Really, I do wish Allston would go there. He always seems like an eagle tied to his roost. There is no atmosphere of art.

John thinks Phillips holds the first place in color among the portrait-painters, and Jackson the second. He writes, "Collins has finished a frost scene as crisp as any snow that cracks beneath your feet in February." The sky reminded him of Allston for color, masses, and handling.

Mr. G. Brown was buried to-day with great pomp. Congress walked. There was infantry, and the glory of many horses. The General's favorite steed, on which he was wounded in action fifteen years since, went before the hearse in mourning.

As I was working the other morning Mr. King tapped at my window. "Here are several Indian chiefs," he said. "I shall send them to see you ; open the front door." I did so, and heard them clump, clumping round the piazza Indian file. In they came. I showed them into King's gallery. I was afraid my clay would excite some curiosity. They looked round and I surveyed *them*. They were three ; well-made, strong men of

beautiful skeletons, legs like arrows, and (what I did not expect) with nice feet. They were dressed in handsome frocks, and their slit ears hung in rags on their velvet collars. They recognized the portraits of some of the great men they had seen before. One of them caught a glimpse of Washington's likeness. "Haw!" The others came round him. "Hocten tock ach nick haw!" They seemed delighted. One only spoke English. He turned to me. "We all know that face, sir."

There was a picture of a group of Omahas and several chiefs, which took their fancy mightily. "They are fine faces," I said. "Yes, sir, the countenances are good." The others looked at me and spoke, he interpreting: "They were saucy men; we knew them." I talked with the chief about the persons of the Indians. He said they were generally tall, light, and strong.

My bust is far advanced. I showed it to a German count who has been in Italy. He knew Canova and has acquired all the European languages. He was delighted to boisterousness. His eye was no sooner filled with the bust than he closed his teeth, erected himself, took my hand, and

exploded : " *Sacré Dieu ! Je suis de votre âge, mais les ans ne font rien ; c'est le talent ; vous avez déjà réussi.*" He commented a long time, made a criticism or two, and giving me a regular hug, left me. My work reminded him of what he had enjoyed in Europe, and gave a pleasure distinct from its own merit.

The President has given me a most gratifying proof of his respect for my talents, — an order for a marble bust of his father, to be placed on a monument in the granite church at Quincy and to be modelled after my own heart.

I had this morning the first sitting from Chief-Justice Marshall. Judge Story says that any one would recognize my sketch ; that it is capital.

I have made many pleasant acquaintances, but have no room to mention them now. Pringle is here, and Crowninshield. My love to mother, father, and the family.

HORATIO.

WASHINGTON, March 8, 1828.

DEAR HENRY, — I have finished the head of the President, and shall probably cast it on Monday. He thinks well of it,



and says he should not wish the head other than it is. "It is a noble art," he said, as he stood before the work on the last day. He conversed in the most animated manner on architecture, and confirmed me in the opinion that the highest reasoning powers cannot pierce the circle of beauty, however usefully they may act for directors. The President has, as I have told you, given me an order for the bust of his father. I shall adopt the Hermes form and treat the hair *au naturel*.

I have just returned from a visit to Dr. Thornton, an old gentleman of great taste and a traveller, who is bedridden. I was brought to his bedside at his request. We had much pleasant conversation. He told me he had been most intimate with General Washington, and had passed weeks together at his house; that he had studied his head with the greatest care, and thought Houdon's bust perfect, — superior to any of the portraits. He had also known Ceracchi intimately, whom he described as a man of great genius and of the most violent temperament.

I saw several water-colors, — copies after Vernet, and flower-pieces by himself, and

a statue of Pluto with Cerberus chained under him, by a modern Italian artist, which was very spirited. Dr. Thornton gave the idea of the Capitol. The President told me that the old gentleman in walking towards that building always fretted at the innovations made upon his design, execrating the pillars of the colonnade of the western front, which he says have no business in the air, or anywhere but on the ground, as in the Greek.

Mr. R. Gilmore called on me on his arrival in Washington. He is a wealthy, travelled gentleman of great taste for the arts, and owner of the finest private gallery perhaps in the country. He expressed pleasure at my work and forthwith engaged me to model a bust for him at the price of one hundred dollars. He is not decided as yet whether he shall sit himself, or whether Mrs. Gilmore, who is noted for beauty, will ; but he thinks it possible he may want both.

He requested me to tell him what I should be paid for a figure of Venus rising from the shell ; which I declined doing at that moment, with the intention of making a sketch and a calculation at my leisure.

There are many Indians here just now. Those of whom I wrote in a former letter were Cherokee chiefs. A number have since arrived, and I hear give an Aboriginal dance this evening. They called on the others, who immediately asked if they were chiefs; and on their answering "No," turned their backs on them, saying, "We will have nothing to do with boys,—goh!" I recognized Red Jacket at a glance in the street to-day. He is undersized, as broad in the shoulders as you ever see a man, and walks with the weight of four. He had pendent on his bosom a large silver breastplate, with an eagle chased upon it. A red turban banded about the skull hung to the shoulder. I should like much to model an Indian skulking.

I dined yesterday at the President's. The party consisted of about twenty members of Congress and twenty gentlemen from different parts of the country. Commodore Hull, General Gaines, Secretary Stothard, Patterson, and Gilmore were among the guests. The furniture was in the *gout Français*. An enormous gilt waiter, with many vases, temples, and female figures in different attitudes holding candles,

gave light to the whole table. We sat down at six o'clock, and had every variety of fish, flesh, and fowl. I cannot pronounce on the canvas-backs, for they had been *boned* and cut in slices; I took them for cake. We had macaroni! Every drinkable under the sun,—porter, cider, claret, sherry, Burgundy, champagne, Tokay, and the choicest Madeira that ever passed my larynx. We came away about ten. The little hearty conversation, jesting, and story-telling that there was, happened in my neighborhood. I was next but one to the President's son John. Harding, who has several times dined with a royal duke, says he never saw anything in better style.

I shall probably be in Baltimore in one week from this date. I am well, busy, and happy. The enclosed sketch of Mr. Randolph was taken by Mr. Cranch, son of Judge Cranch of Washington, a young man of fine talent for design, whom I have tried to persuade to study drawing. It is exactly like him. Show it with this letter to Mr. Dana. Mr. Gilmore says he has no doubt of my having other sitters in Baltimore.

Yours,                    HORATIO.

BALTIMORE, March 26, 1828.

MY DEAR BROTHER, — I received this morning a very gratifying letter from Mr. R. H. Dana, complimenting me on my review, which it seems Mr. Walsh thought "beautiful," and enclosing a draught on the United States Bank of Philadelphia for twenty dollars.

The bust of Mrs. Gilmore is half finished, and I think it one of the best likenesses I have made. I work in Mr. Gilmore's library, finished in the Gothic style, receiving the light through a painted window. The air of art is round me. Exquisite pictures of Italian and Flemish masters fill the compartments between the bookcases; books of prints load the side tables; little antique bronzes, heads, and medals crowd each other on the mantel-piece. I work till I tire, and then sit reading and gazing about. I touch the bell, and lo! a negro appears. The order is given; wood, hot water, etc., and *presto*, there 't is. Quiet, still, pleasant. The Exchange clock striking the hour alone is heard, save now and then the frolic fingering of the young ladies' waltzes on the piano, reminding me of my sisters.

My expenses here are light. My room is \$1.75 a week ; dinner, 37½ cents ; breakfast and tea, 15. I shall probably return from Alexandria by water, for economy. I shall amuse you on my return with King's account of himself. Poor fellow ! He is now rich, however, and a living proof of what industry and saving will do for a man. He never received half the money Stuart has. We are intimate.

Harding has been doing very well. I received a letter from him to-day. We are as brothers together. He is to paint my portrait, and I model his bust. I have made the acquaintance of Causici here. He is employed to make a statue for the Washington monument in Baltimore. Of him, hereafter.

I went on Sunday morning to see the Cathedral ; as I was coming out of St. Paul's whom should I see but Leibe. He afterwards told me he thought, "There's a priest, he will know me for a heretic ; I'll dodge him." We went together to the Cathedral, where they have several pictures of pretension, — Louis IX. supporting a dying youth in one of the battles of the Crusades, presented by Charles X. ; the

Taking Down from the Cross, by Guérin, whom I knew in Rome, presented by Cardinal Fesch, in whose palace I have spent delightful moments. But among the greatest pleasures of my journey has been the visit to old Mr. Carroll with Mr. Gilmore. He received me politely, talked of the Revolution, of the bad policy of England in oppressing the Irish, of religion generally as connected with government, which he altogether disapproved. An original portrait of the Duke of Wellington and of the Marquis of Wellesley by Law raised that painter in my estimation. One by our countryman West, though clever in color, disappointed me.

Tell Frank I have answered his letter. As for J. C. Howard, he owes me one.

Remember me to the Lillies.

HORATIO.

Dr. Frank Higginson and Dr. Howard were classmates and friends, with whom he corresponded. Miss Howard (the late Mrs. Bartol) and Miss Elizabeth Perkins, the sister of his friend Stephen Perkins, were among his correspondents. He often remembered them under the title of "the Lillies."

BALTIMORE, April 5, 1828.

MY DEAR HENRY,—Knowing how anxious you all are at home, I am unwilling that a week should pass without informing you of my health and progress. I never have been stronger, and have not been in so good a condition for several years. I have just completed the bust of Mrs. Gilmore, and, am happy to add, to the satisfaction of her husband, whose intelligence and love of art have made the work doubly interesting to me. He not only sympathizes with me as an artist, but enters into all my views with the interest of a true friend. He has exerted himself to make me known to those whom (as he says) "he could wish to remember me when I am in Europe." He has obtained one bust for me in Philadelphia, which I shall make as I go homeward. He has done what I consider the greatest favor ever bestowed upon me as an artist, — giving me a commission for a group or statue, such as I think will do me justice, to be executed in Italy when I return. I should not have remained to execute works in this part of the country, were it not that the subscribers to my proposals were my friends, and will realize how



important it is to profit by every gleam from such a sky as that under which art must here grow.

I have employed my leisure in reading Montesquieu's "Grandeur des Romains." Let me recommend it to you. Quatremère de Quincy's "Life of Raphael" has soothed many a weary hour.

Causici has lately left Baltimore. I miss him, for he had to a great degree the talent of interesting one in conversation. He is an instance of the ignorance of a language making a man talk in a more forcible way than his taste would permit with a larger vocabulary. I will give you an example: Speaking of the rise and growth of an empire he said, "Weel you thart I tell you what is a nation like? Is like a tree [drawing himself up] when he first seen over the grass! Oh! how strong, how sweet, how fresh, how beautiful! Everybody [making corresponding gestures throughout] come to smell and say 'Oh!' Well, up he grow, hes branch, hes trunk. *Dio Santo!* a fine tree! Then come the woodpecker, tickity, tackity; the verme, the squirrel, grum! grum! till at last the heart is gone. Den! den come

the storm and wind, and pull and strain. Up come the thunder, pung! down go the tree, all rotten, foul, decayed." This man (I know from those who have been his paymasters) has received something like thirty thousand dollars since he has been in this country.

I told you I had the pleasure in Washington of seeing several fine specimens of Indians, but think I did not mention that Kowkickke, husband of a pretty squaw, was a crony of mine. He came up to me one evening and held out his hand; turning to the interpreter, he said, "I have seen this man twice before." This was true, but I never saw him look towards me. I called the day after upon him, presenting him with a large silver Genoese pin of openwork. His eyes flashed when he saw it; he sat (as in the enclosed sketch) for a long time looking at it, then said to the interpreter, "He is a good man," giving me a grave nod.

I have heard much of the dignity of these people, but had no idea of it till I saw them. The air with which they dash down a half-burned cigar is indescribable.

Your brother,           HORATIO.

Greenough returned to Europe the following year, remaining three months at Carrara, the grand workshop of the Italian sculptors. Florence then became his headquarters, and there he made the acquaintance of Fenimore Cooper, towards whom he ever after had the warmest feeling of gratitude, expressed in one of his letters; "Fenimore Cooper saved me from despair after my second return to Italy. He employed me as I wished to be employed, and has up to this moment been a father to me in kindness."

Gratitude for kindness and assistance was very characteristic of the sculptor, and owing to his attractive manners, and his determination to succeed in his art, he met with a great deal of it at an early age. When twelve years old Mr. Shaw, then sole director of the Athenæum, gave him access to the Fine Arts room, with the promise "of a bit of carpet on which to cut his chalk [the material in which he then worked] whenever he wished to be there." Solomon Willard showed him how to model in clay. Alpheus Cary, a stone-cutter, gave him insight into carving marble; and he profited by the counsels of

Binon, a French artist. To Dr. George Parkman he was indebted for anatomical knowledge.

At one period of depression in Italy his heart was lightened by the reception of anonymous pecuniary aid which he was convinced came from his native city. Desirous of acknowledging this timely relief, he modelled a *basso rilievo* of a student pensively intent on his book. His lamp burns before him, fed by a hand issuing from a cloud above. This was sent to a friend in Boston (Mr. Ticknor).

The welcome commission referred to by Greenough was an order for the Chanting Cherubs. When finished, Cooper writes : " The little group I send home will always have an interest which can belong to no other work of the same character. It is the first effort of a young artist who bids fair to build for himself a name. It is more ; it is the first group completed by an American sculptor. In Raphael's picture these angels are accessories, but when principals, it became necessary to alter their attitudes. The painter could give but half the subject ; the sculptor was obliged to give all. Owing to the difference be-

tween the means and the effects of the two arts, Mr. Greenough had little more aid from the original than he derived from the idea. I hope the peculiarity of its being the first work of the kind which has come from an American chisel, as well as the rare merit of the artist, will be found to interest the public at home."

The group was executed in marble in a few months, and received with enthusiasm in Boston, as will be seen by some letters on the subject. It led to numerous orders.

After leaving college in his Junior year (greatly to his disappointment) Henry Greenough passed three years in drawing plans for his father, educating the younger members of the family, and teaching two years in Mr. Green's school at Jamaica Plain.

He had succeeded to the kindly attentions and art conversations of Allston, who, seeing the interest he took in architecture, procured for him a commission to build an Orthodox church in Cambridge. The funds for that purpose were very small, and the building had to be of the cheapest

materials. There was no opportunity for anything but simplicity and proportion. The trifling sum earned for the working drawings was welcome, but more so the satisfaction evinced by the first artist of his time for this youthful effort.

His fine constitution, however, became impaired by so arduous and straitened an existence ; also, it was thought, by the heroic treatment then in vogue by physicians. A voyage being deemed necessary for the restoration of his health, he embarked in November, 1829, to join his brother in Italy.

Arriving at Marseilles, the following letter must have sent a thrill of pleasure through the sensitive nerves of the young stranger in a foreign land.

FLORENCE, Feb. 6, 1830.

MY DEAREST HARRY, — Your letter from the quarantine ground lay several days at Fenzi the banker's, Mr. Rogers having, I suppose, forgotten my address. I had heard indirectly that you had left Boston, but I could not believe it. Your letter has fairly intoxicated me ; the thought that you are so near is delightful beyond expression.

Make all the haste here consistent with health.

The sooner you arrive the better, for I'm good for nothing till I see you. Let me, however, beg you, Harry, to wait until you find a good, sound brig to come in ; the small craft are manned by ignorant fellows, who in bad weather are dangerous people to trust one's life to. Should you not find such a vessel, come by land, cost what it will. A diligence will take you to Nice and Vetturini, from Nice to Florence. Mr. Rogers will give you letters for Nice and Genoa ; hand them, and get all the information you can. Should you come by sea, write me word and I will go to Leghorn to meet you.

I trust you have remembered the cigars ; I would n't lose the opportunity of making a present of some of them to Thorwaldsen and Bartolini for a great deal. Thorwaldsen, on his return from Bavaria, will remain here some time. You'll see him.

The Carnival will be in its glory when you arrive. I'm engaged for a large masked ball at Lord Bargher's on the 16th. We'll teach you, my boy, how to combine the *utili* with the *dulci*.

I would give some portion of the little I am worth to see John Apthorp ; ask him why he never comes to Leghorn. Go to Château Borelly with him. Examine the Rue de Rome ; there are few streets like it in Europe, perhaps none. Tell him I was right in my suspicions of the watch I bought at Marseilles. It is useless, and hauled up in my drawer.

Cooper was pleased with the sketch I gave of his first mate, and pronounced him a *chef-d'œuvre* of Yankee character.

Make all the haste you can. I want your help in looking over the proofs of a work which Cooper is printing. He is at Rome, and confides that task to me.

Dr. Kirkland is at Naples, and will pass through here in the spring. I am to make a bust of him, and have had several sittings already. We shall do very well, I've no doubt. At all events, we'll sink or swim together.

Your brother,

HORATIO.

P. S. — Should you pop into Florence before I know it, ask for the banking-house of Emanuele Fenzi. He will direct you to the consul Ombrosi, who will make all clear.



The American art students in Florence were few at that time. Morse (afterwards so renowned in a different line), Thomas Cole (a landscape-painter of great promise), John Cranch from Washington, John Gore (afterwards Greenough's brother-in-law), and a few others formed a class (into which Henry Greenough entered) at the Academy of Fine Arts, of which Bezzuoli was the President.

There was a great attraction in the spring of 1830 at the *Pergola* (the Florentine opera-house), for Grisi made her début in the early flower of her beauty and wonderful voice, with, however, no dramatic skill. As the admittance was only a paul (half a franc), our economical students went to hear her very often.

On her visit to America, although youth and freshness of voice had in a measure faded, the gain in acting and expression was thought to be some compensation.

## BOSTON IN 1830.

THE following extracts from home letters will give some idea of the Boston of that day.

Italy was a long way off. Three and four months to wait for an answer did not encourage a brisk correspondence, and these delays and the high rate of postage were constant sources of complaint. In reviewing old letters we feel renewed gratitude to our efficient mail service and Sir Rowland Hill. But in spite of these great inconveniences, — of the dark, slippery streets in winter and the dust in summer, Boston was in the thirties a small, compact, charming city, and any one who knew it well will look back upon it with affection mingled with a little regret.

The houses surrounding the Common were solid, convenient structures, quite large enough for society as it was. The State House did not wear a golden crown, but from its commanding situation and its

architecture (proving the skill of Bulfinch) it was the king of the neighboring buildings. Beacon Street ended in a granite block opposite the infant Public Garden which has so well fulfilled the promise of its youth. Behind was a handsome greenhouse, and farther down a swimming-bath where Boston girls became Nereids.

Dwellings ran up and down the steep hills descending into Winter and Summer Streets, which, with Pearl Street, were adorned by fine gardens and spreading shade-trees.

Noisy Bowdoin Square was a very handsome, quiet, aristocratic part of the town; but the houses surrounding the fine central grass-plot, with its encircling malls, were the choice situations. The Common then had a pleasant, country look, a *soupeçon* of fields and pastures enjoyed by herds of cows which were allowed daily to crop their food. With the sun-flecked trees and the bright green turf, a beautiful landscape, like one of Cuyp's masterpieces, could be secured from the neighboring windows.

The favorite drive was over the mill-dam, which with its water view and fine

sunsets deserved the partiality shown by the inhabitants.

Boston had her Athenæum Gallery and Library, her Beethoven concerts, and much good preaching. An opera troupe now and then appeared, and was received with delight. Mr. and Mrs. Wood took the town by storm, and airs from the "Sonnambula" were played, sung, whistled, and ground on hand-organs with persistent zeal.

Charles Kemble, with his daughter, and Macready were social as well as theatrical successes. The elder Booth was admired, and young Forrest created a well-deserved enthusiasm in Othello, looking the "Noble Moor" to perfection, and throwing a shade of probability over Desdemona's infatuation. Mr. Ticknor lectured ably on Shakespeare, and Richard H. Dana on Milton.

Music at that time was young. It has grown more in proportion than sculpture and painting; for although there is a much wider interest in its sister arts, more successful artists and more able teachers, we must remember that then there was a Greenough, a Powers, a Crawford, and a Clevenger, and an Allston, an Ames, an Alexander, and a Harding; and they are

not yet forgotten, while music has far better exponents. The Italian influence was apparent in our sculptors and painters, while the German was little felt in our musicians. Now, it permeates our cities, and Boston especially finds herself deeply indebted to the founder of the Symphony Concerts.

It must be considered an advantage that "melody no longer suffers on the evening flute," but a regretful glance may be thrown upon the home sweetener of evening gatherings about the piano. What music there is, is no doubt of a superior kind ; but that superiority has created a criticism not encouraging to amateur efforts.

The entertainments were early, nine o'clock being an unusually late hour for assembling, one, a tardy time for dispersing. Whist parties, small dances, substantial suppers, and handsome dinners abounded. I doubt if enjoyment has kept pace with the increase of luxury, the addition of light, the much more expensive dressing, and more elaborate gastronomy.

Society in Boston at that time was very agreeable. There were statesmen, two of whom were at the acme of their fame,—Webster, with his Olympian brow over-

hanging like a thunder-cloud the lightnings playing beneath ; Everett, full of grace and persuasive oratory. There was a triad of poets, — Willis from Yale, Longfellow from Bowdoin, and Holmes from Harvard. The handsome young philanthropist Dr. Howe had returned from his efforts in behalf of Greece, and Thomas Gold Appleton delighted every one with his wit. Benevolent merchants, enterprising bankers, future historians, judges, senators, men of letters, artists, and intelligent young women (most of them indebted for the best part of their education to the earnest instruction of the late George B. Emerson) all contributed to what might be called an intellectual gayety. Many of the youths of that day lived to attain distinction ; some, great celebrity ; while a few disappointed others and themselves. The youngest of the trio of poets still presides at the " breakfast table," and pledges his friends in a " loving cup ;" but nearly all those who gave zest to society then preceded our lamented Longfellow into that " Silent Land " of which he sang.

The letters which follow, principally from Alfred Greenough, have been carefully revised, only retaining what throws light on

the art, literature, and society of that early period.

As the generation of the sculptor is nearly extinct, I will not suppress the names of those friends who enriched his life.

BOSTON, April 1, 1830.

MY DEAR HENRY, — Your letter from Marseilles sailed over the water in a very short time. I went home trying to look sad, but not succeeding; I showed it, and made them all perfectly happy.

That you have entirely recovered your health is hard to realize; and you must know with what pleasure we heard it, after waiting forty-two days. The good spirits you are in and the brightness of your hopes awakened corresponding feelings in us, and I trust when you get to Florence you will not cease to have the same flow of spirits. I observe that when Horatio is travelling he writes the most amusing letters; but when he settles down to work he loses his gayety and looks back with a longing eye to home, recollecting all its joys and none of its fretting troubles and petty vexations. I cannot accuse you of being homesick, judging by yours from

abroad. Home, with all its advantages and disadvantages, joys and pains, is fresh in your memory.

I am delighted you met with such kindness from Mr. Rogers (the American banker). You do not say how you like the bust of Petrarch's Laura, presented to him by Horatio.

We have just had a tremendous tide, said to be the highest for a century. The Irish in Broad Street, as well as the wharf rats, were half drowned ; but it gave occupation to some of the laborers after this miserably dull winter.

There was not a ball in Boston until New Year's night, and that was a bachelors' ball at the Exchange. The managers were Messrs. Mason, Gray, Dwight, Winthrop, Inches, and Pratt. I did not go, but heard a description of it. The rooms were lighted by gas, introduced for the occasion. One of them was furnished as a Turkish pavilion, with scarlet and yellow silk hangings from the ceiling. There were white cushions all round the room, and an elegant white marble table in the centre under a brilliant gas-lamp.

I hear the exhibition of pictures at the



Athenæum will be better than usual. Joseph Buonaparte will send his collection from the South.

Father is well. He expresses a wish every now and then that you were at home, that he might put his property into safe keeping. He has joined a large whist club at the Tremont House, and I found him this morning talking about the famous supper yesterday evening, *à la Française*. Even French Gray said he should have thought he was in Paris.

Willis was here last week, and expressed a wish to open a correspondence with you. His letter will accompany this.

On March 16 another bachelors' ball was given at the Tremont House by Belknap, Trueman, Gray, and five others. It was a great success. The supper-table was very handsome, every dish being prepared by French cooks and confectioners. Some of the family went, but I did not. Passing by, however, about nine o'clock, I saw a crowd of curious boys and countrymen gathered together to see the ladies descend from their carriages, making remarks, and taking off skilfully the present absurdities of dress.

I have followed your advice this winter, and been more into society. The cotillion parties have been pleasant.

I have also heard some good music, — “The Barber of Seville” and “The Caliph of Bagdad.” Mrs. Austen, a famous English singer, appeared in “The Tempest,” singing Purcell’s music.

There have been several concerts. Three or four Germans are in the orchestra ; one I heard at a private party, on a clarionet, the piano accompaniment being played by young Gossler.

I am so glad you are out of the reach of these east winds. I went to a party last night to hear an Italian guitar and violin player (Muscarelli), but the east wind had affected his Southern constitution so much that he could not go. Is the climate of Italy altogether superior to our own? People are continually asking me that question, and I have some curiosity myself on the subject.

I bought two pictures the other day, — one a sea piece, the other a Bacchanalian scene. The auctioneer said it was a Guido, but he knows nothing about it. I am not sorry of my bargain. I have it hung in

my chamber, and take great comfort in looking at it every morning.

You did not send me the shoemaker's card from Marseilles. I should like half a dozen pair. As to coats, I suppose London is the best place.

ALFRED.

The following from N. P. Willis is characteristic of the lively style which made his "Pencilings by the Way" acceptable to the reading public. He was gifted with great poetical talent and superior abilities, and may be said to have created in some and fostered in others a taste for Elia, Goethe, Shelley, Bulwer, and Disraeli, by discriminating comments upon them in his widely-circulated magazine, — Mr. Ticknor being most generous in lending those then very rare works.

BOSTON, March 28, 1830.

HENRY GREENOUGH, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR, — It is at least a compliment to your magnanimity that I suppose my letter (knowing you as little as I do) will be this side of an impertinence. I have balanced your sister's request that I should write to you, against my precepts from

Pelham, for several days, and you see how the victory lies. I confess I have an awkward feeling that I have infringed upon rules which the selfish etiquette of foreign society rather strengthens than dissolves. And now, if you have as nervous a horror as I of apologies on such points, you will consider this quite a sufficient introduction, and allow me hereafter to dash *in medias res* at the first sentence. *So allons !*

You are aware, I suppose, how much you travellers loom in the distance. The three or four thousand net miles between Cape Cod and Italy are a wonderfully magnifying medium to the eye of your native. At Rome and Florence particularly the magnitude of a man is increased in proportion to the enthusiasm generated in his brain by the *haustus ætherius* from his Latin dictionary and his success in making out the *Quosque Catalina*.

The Forum, as you probably remember, is to us who have not seen it an abstraction, and not a place where you can bite your nails and gossip as familiarly as anywhere else. I dare swear I should expect to pass a senator at the entrance, or meet Virginia rushing towards me, mistaking me

for Icilius! How long does this boyish delusion accompany one; and when is the ideal Rome sunk in the real, and which is the "most majestic"?

Write me about these things. It is a fault in a traveller's book that first impressions are not arrested. Unlike other knowledge, that of objects of curiosity grows stale with keeping. The first glance, the earliest sentiment awakened in the mind by beauty and grandeur, is worth all the tame after-philosophy of the best of observers. Put down every day, in the simplest, freshest language you can find, the natural floating impressions made upon you.

I would not have one reflection. All men's minds are very much the same on certain subjects, and everything you can coin out of your brains has been anticipated; but light, society descriptions and the every-day sensations of travel would be relished vastly.

I beg of you either to do this or mention it to your brother. I should like much to know the impressions of Italy on a mind like his. I passed an hour or two delightfully at your house a few evenings since.

This happens to be a busy day with me, or I would say a thousand things for which I have no time.

Write to me if you please, though I am aware there are many friends who expect the courtesy upon better claims. I beg you will not feel my letter imposes any obligation. I shall be, in either way, yours with great regard,

N. P. WILLIS.

Boston, April 20, 1830.

DEAR HENRY, — I wrote you a short time since by the "Sabbatas" direct for Marseilles, and have been waiting with the greatest patience to hear from you, saying at least that you had arrived safely at Florence. There have been such astonishingly short passages to this country lately, that we were in hopes of receiving very recent dates. A brig came from Sicily in forty days, and one from Marseilles to New York in thirty days.

I have not much news. The most remarkable is that Boston is infested this spring with a set of rogues. Thefts are committed in open daylight. There were about a dozen last week. They seem to take a great fancy to ladies' bags, purses,

and lace veils, — walking about in the guise of well-dressed young men. Among the rest Stephen Perkins's sisters were attacked at two o'clock P. M. in Park Street. They were walking by Mr. Amory's, when a fellow tried to snatch Miss Perkins's purse, which she held in her hand. She resisted, and her sister came forward to help her, upon which he tore her lace veil from her bonnet and ran. Sargent, who was opposite, hearing "Stop, thief!" pursued with another gentleman, caught him, and had him sent to jail. It is not safe to go out in the evening without a pistol or cane. As you go along you see people loitering and suspecting each other. It is really ludicrous. The community has been made fearful.

I saw lately at the Athenæum a work called "*Coutumes des peuples*," by a French painter, containing costumes, instruments of war, and furniture of the Persians, Greeks, Romans, and Hebrews. There was great use of sculpture in their lamps and vases. Would it not be a good way of introducing a taste for the arts in this country, to have our furniture, lamps, etc., well designed and constantly before our eyes from childhood?

APRIL 28.

Young Blake tells me he is going to Genoa to-morrow in the "Pilgrim." I must not let so good an opportunity escape, but will cut short this letter by saying we are all well ; and I must thank you for the minute description of your house, as I now know where to place you. Also, we have taken a pew at Brattle Street Church, and are pleased with both pew and preacher. Mother says Mr. Palfrey is a man of talent, and his sermons are edifying.

You will be glad to hear that William F. Otis is engaged to Emily Marshall, and Allston is married to Miss Dana, a sister of Edmund Dana. Good-by to you.

ALFRED.

BOSTON, May 1, 1830.

DEAR HENRY, — Is it not provoking? I put a letter aboard the "Pilgrim," thinking I might be blamed, did I suffer a vessel to sail from this port without writing, when on going to the post-office I saw by the New York papers that the "Perseverance" had arrived. I wait patiently for the mail, spy a letter, tear it open, rush to the wharf



to add some news, and find the "Pilgrim" had sailed!

"Well, what's your news?" Mr. George Dexter is to visit Italy and will take anything to our brothers.

"What next?" Allston has interested himself about a statue of Washington, and has written to Webster recommending Horatio Greenough to execute it, "because he is peculiarly fitted for the undertaking, and the only person capable of executing it."

I am very much pleased with your observations about the difference in manner of Englishmen, Americans, and Frenchmen, and the reasons you give for our reserve.

My dear Hal, a thousand thanks for your very entertaining letter.

We have changed our man-servant, and have the most stupid, slow, indocile Yankee, most ingeniously shiftless. I sent him to Ashton's to get a French horn for me and a bassoon for Sargent. After a time I heard a great noise in the street, and found he was returning, blowing the horn as loud as he could, and by trying to play the bassoon had split the reed!

AUGUST 22.

I cannot express to you how glad I am you went to Italy, for I am convinced it was your wisest course, and am confirmed in my expectation of its usefulness to Horatio. Besides managing his financial affairs, for which you are better fitted than he, you will cheer his spirits and enable him to concentrate his powers.

So you are drawing at the Academy preparatory to painting. Do not you feel inclined to study architecture? A good architect is wanted. I should delight to see our pretty sites ornamented with handsome villas. The division of property in this country will probably prevent the erection of any magnificent buildings except public ones; but this very division assists the morality of the people. But how inferior an art to painting is architecture, and how can we compare the one, whose object is to influence the mind, to rouse affections on subjects of the highest importance, to call forth the most refined feelings, and to imitate the beauties of Nature, to the other, which has only the "ordinary marshalling," as Bacon says, "of a man's apartments, and the pleasing of the eye, for its aim"? Yet

architecture can be studied to advantage in connection with the other arts.

When you left Boston I little thought how much I should miss you ; I supposed letters might make up for your conversation ; but letters (even when long) are meagre compared with talking. Young minds, into which new ideas, new views of men and things are continually flowing, and in which the principles that are to guide them through life are imperceptibly forming, need sympathetic companions.

I have read your letter to Willis, with which I am much pleased. It is printed in his magazine. He says, "We have inserted the following from a young artist in Italy, as it is so redolent of the land from which it came, though not intended for the public eye." You have a *goût* for description, and I hope will continue to write for him.

ALFRED.

BOSTON, August 30.

I have sent Horatio a Newfoundland dog, as he requested, for a model. A new novel, also, by Miss Sedgwick.

I walked to Cambridge to-day, to see how they get on with your church. It is

built in the corner of the yard where Horatio and John Howard used to live. They have laid the foundations. As I was returning I met Allston and his wife going to church, and I saw "the Master" on the bridge. [This was the title the young Greenoughs always gave Mr. Edmund Dana, on account of his serene wisdom and knowledge of art and letters.] They both look the same. The Master wears his blue frock, and Allston his bright blue body coat and buff pantaloons.

The news of the taking of Algiers reached us a week ago, and great joy is felt by all.

As for me, I think and do nothing. That was Hamlet's fault, so I am in princely company! The weather is fit for nothing else. My only comfort is in the mill-dam bath, where I shower and dip every morning at half-past five, and then I can walk straight and hold up my head all day.

So you have been reading Moore's Byron. Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister" will please you greatly. As to "Benvenuto Cellini's Life," it is the most extravagant thing I ever read, and is thought by some not to be genuine.

We have a deal of European news lately, — the French Revolution, and the ascension of William IV., etc.

Chief-Justice Parker is dead, and the Hon. Lemuel Shaw is chosen to succeed him. This is something for so young a man to be proud of. The salary, however, is only \$3,500, and he has been making \$5,000 and \$6,000 yearly.

Father has sold \$13,000 worth of the Washington gardens to a Masonic Lodge, which puts him in good spirits. He is building at the corner of Summer and Washington Streets. In the upper story (suggested by Fisher) is a room forty-four feet by twenty-four with a dome of ground glass for the exhibition of pictures. The hall is to have your blinds inside. He is now the only real-estate dealer.

ALFRED.

JANUARY, 1831.

We find the Hancock house the most delightful of situations. There are two families occupying it besides ourselves, and an excellent woman has been found to keep it. There is a broad stairway and landing, and some of the windows are four

feet wide, commanding a view of the whole city, country, and harbor. This way of living is quite *à la mode* at present. Several families are at Mrs. Delano's for the winter.

You will be glad to hear that Dr. Grater, a German professor of drawing and anatomy, comes in once a week to give lessons to your sister and one of Copley's granddaughters. He is the only good drawing-master, understanding perfectly the laws of perspective and light and shade. He wants his pupils to draw entirely from Nature. He thinks clouds a capital study, for you have graceful lines and no hard strokes to give effect.

The family are delighted with Shelley. "Prometheus Unbound" and his posthumous works seem to them the "poetry of poetry." There is only one copy in the country, and that is Mr. Ticknor's. Elia's articles (written under that title by Charles Lamb) will please you, and some books by young Disraeli.

ALFRED.

## GROUP OF THE CHANTING CHERUBS.

THE group of the Chanting Cherubs arrived in Boston in the spring of 1831, and its success must have entirely satisfied Cooper that his kind and artistic commission had been ably executed.

MAY 4, 1831.

MY DEAR HENRY, — Alfred no doubt has informed you how the Cherubs have been received ; has he told you how much your mother admires them ? Congratulate Horatio on his flattering prospects. Could he hear all that is said and written about the Cherubs, he would be highly gratified. I saw Mr. R. H. Dana at the exhibition-room, and he seemed delighted. Mr. Allston told me he thought them admirably well done. " He had no idea Horatio could do anything like this, though he expected something very fine." This is high praise and *most* gratifying, and now that you are in Florence I feel easy, although I cannot

tell you how much you are missed. If ever man deserved canonizing, you do, for your patient endurance of suffering. When I recall the three years you spent here, ill and wearing yourself out with teaching, toiling home in sultry weather or shivering in the snow, I must truly rejoice at your present good health.

Ever yours,

ELIZABETH GREENOUGH.

The Chanting Cherubs and the Medora inspired Mr. R. H. Dana to write some delicate and appreciative verses; and Allston did the same on the arrival of the Angel and Child.

To quote from another correspondent:

“The group has been exhibited here and attracted great attention. The subject could not fail to interest every one. It was amusing to hear some of the remarks. There was scarcely a mother who did not think they bore a striking resemblance to some of her children! A letter in the ‘New England Magazine,’ edited by Buckingham, seems the best, in my estimation, that has been written on the subject.”



In this connection it is worth remembering, as indicative of the infancy of the art of sculpture in America, that there were suggestions in some of the newspapers that the Cherubs should be draped !

BOSTON, Sept. 7, 1831.

MY DEAR HENRY,— Willis has made his arrangements to go to Italy, and we shall all write by him. I send this by Havre. It will reach you long before he arrives. He has gone to Providence to deliver a poem. He has given up his magazine, and has made an agreement to be co-editor of the "New York Mirror," which has a monstrous circulation of 4,500 to 5,000 subscribers. He is to write letters for the paper, and I expect great pleasure in reading them.

Matters are getting into a good state here. Many a ruined factory has been redeemed. Young men are taking wives, and the old are getting handsome houses. Good houses are in great demand.

I have at last found out where Peale's portrait of Horatio is, which has been missing since the gallery was open. It was laid aside by the workmen, thinking it was an empty case. Now, it is up. The head is

too large for the shoulders ; I like it better, however, than I expected, from what Weir said. I see that Cooper addressed the meeting in Paris in favor of the Poles.

I am going to the theatre to see Kean in Sir Giles Overreach.

ALFRED.

The following remarks from a correspondent upon contemporary artists at this time have their value : —

“The Athenæum Gallery is open this year in August and September. A large proportion of the pictures are from native artists; two hundred dollars are offered for the best landscape or historical picture. There are many competitors, but there is little doubt that Weir will get it. Some of his pictures are in Leslie’s style ; his perspective is correct, and the coloring clear and rich. He displays both wit and sentiment.

“Fisher has succeeded so well with his brilliant tones that he is contented with nothing less than gorgeous sunsets, golden leaves, and flashing waters. In some of his late pictures he has introduced the full prismatic tints.

"Doughty has been obliged to lay down the brush and take up the editorial pen. Allston has some new pictures,—the Spanish Girl and the Roman Lady. The former is perfectly beautiful.

"If it is the lot of any mortals to be happy, you must be so, being removed by your studies from the petty cares and prejudices of society.

"Harding is to build a house in School Street purposely for artists."

BOSTON, Sept. 26, 1831.

MY DEAR HENRY,—I sit down two hours before leaving for New York to answer yours of July 11. I am glad Dr. Kirkland's bust is on the way, and that Morse and Cole are sitters.

I am more impatient to see the Medora than I was to see the Cherubs. You have never mentioned from what part of the "Corsair" the statue is taken. When I look at the Cherubs, I wonder that Horatio should have had the boldness to take hold of so difficult a subject. They are charming little creatures. You speak of a new commission. I should like to know what it is as soon as allowable.

I shall go to Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, to make arrangements for the exhibition of the group.

OCTOBER 8.

I have been to see Colonel Trumbull about a room for exhibition. He had engaged a painting room in a new building erected by Dr. Hosack. It is just what I want, and he will be glad to let me have it. The directors are anxious to have exhibitions in these rooms, to attract public attention to the place. There is a fine entrance and wide stairs.

Trumbull was all politeness, and said if he might be allowed to advise, he would recommend your staying in Europe.

I spent a very pleasant evening at Weir's. While there he received a letter of introduction from you, handed by an Italian. He wanted advice about disposing of his alabaster ornaments, but, unlike English and Americans, does not wish to see any of his countrymen.

OCTOBER 28.

They have lately selected ground in Boston for a cemetery, and are ready for sub-

scribers. They intend, when able, to erect a cenotaph to Washington on the eminence of Sweet Auburn.

I had the Group taken out of the case yesterday to show Mr. Gilmore. He desires me to say they are exquisite. Weir saw them this morning and is greatly pleased. He has obtained one of the prizes at the Athenæum Gallery in Boston.

The exhibitions of pictures here are countless. That seems the only way to do for the present in this country. Few persons can afford to buy valuable works of art, and the artist must tax the community by exhibiting his works, and all ought to go, out of principle.

Don't you like the appearance of New York houses outside better than ours? They appear to me handsomer.

ALFRED.

## JOURNEY TO PARIS.

ABOUT this time Greenough decided to go to Paris and take the bust of Lafayette. The following letters give an account of his journey and his visit to his brother in Florence.

GENOA, Aug. 24, 1831.

MY DEAR HARRY,—I had a very pleasant night's ride to Leghorn and breakfasted at the Black Eagle.

As I was walking in the quarter of the town where I knew Themistocles [a former fellow-student] lived, I was saluted by a shout; and lo! the man himself, in the midst of four or five young fellows, to whom he introduced me, and then to Mr. Bini, a man of distinguished literary attainments. We sallied out together, and promenaded on the Piazza d'Arme; and after the torrent of question and answer between Themistocles and myself had subsided, we had a grand talk with Mr. Bini. At dusk we went to the Caffè Americano, where I was

introduced to some half-dozen more of Leghornese youths, fine, manly-looking fellows. I left them for the opera-house, where I heard indifferent music and saw some beauty.

After a glorious night's rest I sallied out and found the steamer for Genoa would sail in the afternoon. I called on Grant, who said he had some American books for me, which had been sent to Florence. Let me know what they are.

On board the steamer I found only one Swiss lady, and the Baron Ricasoli with his secretary. He soon became sick, and his secretary painfully so. They retired, and the lady and I had a *tête-à-tête* of an hour and a half, when, getting qualmish, I ordered some anchovies and wine. I retired with discretion.

As the sun rose the next morning the coast began to get very interesting. The Baron grew affable and talked of America. He is a student of natural history. "I devote myself, sir," he said, "to birds and insects," and wished my assistance in getting stuffed specimens. He spoke of going to America; but the secretary interposed, and swore with a face the color of beeswax,

"Che ci sarebbe da morire," concluding with prayers to the *Barone* to give up all such thoughts.

We enjoyed the view of the Bay of Genoa, and ran in under the guns of three Sardinian men-of-war, — very pretty vessels, I assure you. They are continuing the breakwater into the port in a very effectual way. There are about 15,000 troops in this city. The officers are noble-looking men and the troops fine. The theatre has rather a dignified, heavy, government-building look, for a temple of Apollo. The Academy of Fine Arts is just arranged, with an ambition to make a showy institution, rather than a useful one. The street of palaces is glorious; though composed of edifices questionable in the taste of their architecture, yet the size, the number, and the richness make them imposing. There are fine bits of architecture, too; a feeling for the broad and massive almost Greek.

This is a good house (*Pension Suisse*). The Genoese is the worst jargon I ever heard. The servants are good. They can many of them speak bad Tuscan, otherwise one might have to starve. My land-



lady asked me yesterday, with such a sweet smile, "Scuz ; lei non e uno di quei Zoneng, che accompagnang el Drè?" — "Excuse me, are you not one of the young men in the service of the King?" When I stop to ask my way in the street there is often an attempt to answer in Tuscan ; that failing, there comes a torrent of dialect in which all the languages living and dead seem to have been shuffled.

Mr. Campbell has been polite, lent me papers and asked me to dinner ; but I declined, as at Leghorn. Bankers' tables do not attract me at present. HORATIO.

P. S. I have visited the Brignoli palace again. The Vandykes are glorious. Carlo Dolci's famous "Agony in the Garden" is much better in the print, on account of the execrable color.

Work away and fear nought.

HÔTEL DE MILAN,

LYONS, Sept. 1, 1831.

MY DEAR HARRY, — I have passed the Alps, and the two days' ride I have since taken through a luxuriant and cultivated country has not at all effaced the impres-

sion made by those first-born of God. I hasten to commit to paper my feelings, however, for I have entered a true Babylon.

I will go back to Genoa, where my last letter left me.

On the morning of the 27th we started in the diligence at 4 A. M. with a coach full. I was in the Berlina, and of course had five companions; three were army contractors, who take the contract, for instance, of the bread for a garrison. I fancy it a pretty good business. I feared I was to be bored, for the conversation took the vilest mercenary turn. On learning that I was an American, my companions became very civil, one of them markedly so. He had taken me for a Tuscan, so you may imagine how *he* spoke Italian. He was rich and had a wish to be cultivated; knew all the Florentine artists, and had employed one of them. We became interested in each other's conversation. The rest joined, and politics were introduced. They all began a regular blow-up of whatever abuses in the Government they happened to know, and we passed the time pleasantly, at the expense of royalty and priestcraft. When they spoke Genoese they were utterly un-

intelligible, and this occurred often. As they stumbled in Tuscan they made a sudden rush into their own dialect, and went on in it, from habit.

We passed Noni, and reached Alexandria at three o'clock. Alexandria is a fortified town, an important point in Piedmont. We dined and went to the great Square to take coffee. A regiment was drawn up to receive a new colonel. Here we took in several Piedmontese; they and the Genoese can't understand each other. We stopped in Asti at the Caffè Alfieri, and my new friend insisted on my drinking some vino d'Asti. This is a very pleasant wine; it sparkles, and I should place it between bottled cider and champagne.

We drove on all night, and when the day broke we were in the neighborhood of Turin. The country is rich and flat, the villas all of brick. We crossed the Po and drove to the Bureau.

Turin is a fine city, with broad streets. Brick is not built simply, as with us, but so managed as to give mouldings, pilasters, and a certain *barocco* richness of effect. The jewellers' shops, confectioners, etc., all surpass anything of the kind in Flor-

ence. I can write no further, being utterly knocked up. I will rest a bit.

PARIS, HÔTEL MONTMORENCY,

Sept. 9, 1831.

I have done anything but rest since I took my pen off this sheet. I left Turin with Baron Ricasoli, whom I had again met. I had the good fortune to be in the coupé with only one companion, an officer in the corps of sappers (mathematical gentry). He had served under Napoleon, was a liberal, admired Cooper to enthusiasm, and sent a very handsome compliment to him. Arriving at the foot of the Alps, the Baron and I turned out and footed it for some miles. Don't imagine that Mont Cenis is a lone hill rising between France and Italy. There is an ocean of hills, crowded and crowding each other, rising and rising, till you would think that they reached the other world.

First, they are richly wooded, and bottomed by pleasing villages; water runs through the valleys gently, or tumbles in cascades from the rocks. As you ascend, the giant peaks shoot up out of the limits of vegetation; the forests seem but green

bands bound about their waists. You think they must be the highest ; when lo ! turning a corner, another family comes in sight, rearing up still higher, covered with eternal ice and veiled with sombre clouds. The valleys become bare, and are only filled with the huge fragments that have rolled down from the mountain-tops ; here and there a broad, vast forehead of rocky precipice appears, the snow on whose top falls down, melted into a stream or frittered into a smoky beard of wreathy white. You seem to stand on the battleground of Jupiter and the Titans, and trace the origin of the fable.

Higher still, and higher ; cold, gray above, and the peaks showing against the eastern sky of silver ; snow on all the heads,—great gullied, disembowelled monsters. The scene becomes melancholy, cruel, savage, the emblem of dissolution. It seems as if God had spoken His last word to this earth, to tell it “to take care of itself, for His ways were not its ways.” The elements have become masters, and appear to be determined to hasten the downfall of these colossal guards of Italy. The sun stands on the top of the eastern ridge and

looks over the valley, but what a stretch of country lies swathed in shadow ; what valleys down, down there are yet in night ! The crags take yet more rugged forms in the sunlight ; the water rushes and smokes and sparkles with still more brightness. Huzza ! now for a troop of Hannibal's elephants trotting over the hills, raising their trunks and bellowing triumph. One can almost see them turning the defile ; not that they would be more than sheep in the distance. No, the mastodon, or the big behemoth himself, might take his stand there and seem no monster.

We reached the top and found a lake, of which the trout are said to be excellent. Down the other side rapidly ; most picturesque, the grandeur of the outline filled with beautiful detail, forests that look like gardens, villages, and a river. Savoy is by far the finest country I have ever seen ; there is nothing in Italy like it. Tell Cole he must go to Savoy on his way home. We got into Chamberry very, very tired. Had two hours sleep ; called up ; diligence ready ; off to Lyons. At Lyons took the steamboat and came to Chalons. At Chalons took the diligence ; found myself in

the rotonde with a gentleman and three ladies, — one of them a savage-looking Venus, a pair of eyes to quell a commodore, teeth of pearl, and French spoken so sweetly that it seemed the rippling of a brook of oil. Old man spoke English as well as I, and two of the girls knew a little; had a fine time; they were polite enough to invite me to their house.

Went to see Ingres this morning, who offered me any assistance. I forgot to say that they took me for a soldier on the road, and left me unfumbled while they ransacked all the rest. As for describing Paris, I should as soon think of writing an encyclopædia. It is splendid!

HORATIO.

PARIS, Oct. 3, 1831.

MY DEAR HARRY, — I have been delaying my answer to your letter giving an account of your delightful trip to Volterra with Cole, in hopes from day to day of writing more definitely of my plans. The fortune of the Princess Belgioso has been confiscated, so that I make merely a model of her head. Lafayette has been nabbed before me by Pickersgill, an English painter

sent over by a committee from London, and is just finding a little leisure for me. He never was so well as now.

Cooper is trying to get an order for me from Government this winter. He treats me with a generosity that would bind the coldest mortal. His son William is dead; we buried him on Sunday last. I have been delighted with the Louvre and the Luxembourg, but have seen nothing of the theatres since my first arrival. Lodging and eating are as much as one can do in this dear town. Send the Medora and keep up a good heart. We'll make it go, by Jupiter Ammon !

HORATIO.

PARIS, Oct. 14, 1831.

MY DEAR FELLOW, — I don't know what you think of me. I have been hard at work, and of course not very unhappy. I last night received from my old friend Kinlock of Carolina an order for a bust. Lafayette has been so much occupied with public duties, that although he had the best will in the world, he has not been able to sit until now. I had half an hour from him yesterday, and made a sketch which is recognized by every one. Morse says it



can never be more like him. I have remodelled Cooper's head, and have succeeded so much better than before that I shall make the marble over again. I have not told you how happy I have been in seeing Cooper. Morse and I went one morning, and were about to leave our cards, when we spied him peering at us from the other side of the court-way. "Ah," he said, "I know you now, as soon as I see you walk ; Greenough, whiskered and mustached !" He introduced us into the breakfast-room. Miss Cooper draws well, and from the life too, and fingers the piano most brilliantly. She converses with good sense, and a delicacy all American. Cooper is with me every day. I have modelled Brisbane's bust. Two French ladies desire their busts, in plaster merely.

It will not do to hurry away. I am getting pluck.

The Princess Belgioso is a lioness here, as you may see from the French papers. Some of her morning *conversazioni* are particularly interesting. She is rather *capriciosa*.

I have not yet seen Gerard ; I am waiting to advance my bust of Lafayette before

I call. Cooper is about to publish a novel called the "Bravo," of which the scene is laid in Venice. Morse and I think it perhaps the best of his works. It is quite Italian. Cooper made General Lafayette solemnly promise, before Barrot, to sit as long as I wanted him, threatening to denounce him if he failed. Ha, ha! The old man is in glorious health. I attended the wedding visit of his granddaughter not long since. There were deputies, generals, Poles, Italians, Yankees (last, not least), all in harmony, all liberal, all grieved for Warsaw.

You must have heard of the St. Simoniens ; if not, do not expect me to explain their doctrines. They have been trying to convert me, and lying in wait for Cooper.

HORATIO.

MARSEILLES, Dec. 6, 1831.

I arrived here after six days' hard travelling. I sail on the ninth, and shall go directly to Florence.

I've had a pleasant trip on the Rhone, and have many things to say to you and many yarns to tell Dr. Andréini. Love to Cole and Cranch. Tell Miles I have his

books ready. I am in grand health, and my bust of Lafayette would alone repay my journey. Yours, HORATIO.

*N. P. Willis to Henry Greenough.*

BATHS OF LUCCA, 1832.

DEAR HARRY, — The scenery here is the loveliest in the world, absolutely. Robin Hood could have thrown an arrow over the horizon anywhere, it is so shut in ; and the river in the bosom of the valley is clear and rapid and wild, and the buildings and roads are picturesque to a degree. We lounge in the woods and read in the morning, and go to some party, or walk or drive in the evening. It is delightful, and I regret your absence not a little.

The Duke gives a ball every Tuesday, and we all went a night or two since. There are no Pelhams here! The most splendid woman in the room was a Scotch lady, who they say is the original of Die Vernon, — really a wonder of beauty, and the handsomest I have met in my travels.

I may go north to Milan. The cholera will make England dull till late in the season.

How are you getting on with the Gior-gione? It was doing well. Stick to the mall stick! To be a gentleman as well as a painter is Allstonish, and has its effect.

How are the B's? Carry my compliments to them and make my respects to Mrs. C., who will value them more than wiser women. If you see the Campbells, suggest my existence to them, and say the civilest thing that occurs to you. I hope to see them and you in January.

Has Cole gone? If not, ask him to take my best love to our thousand mutual friends in America, whom I shall see perhaps at doomsday, or ten years hence. I shall not put my shoes again upon the Atlantic for just so long.

But good-by, my dear Harry. Don't write, for it would cost me a dollar exactly; and though I love you much, I am slender in the pocket, and a money is, as one may say, "wittals itself." I wish I had left orders for a drawing of my bust by your brother, to send home; but — however!

God bless you, my dear fellow!

Yours most truly,

WILLIS.

In the summer of 1833 Henry Greenough, being urged by his family to return, sailed for Philadelphia. He was nearly four months on the passage. Added to the discomfort of head winds and adverse weather, there was a mutiny on board, and he and one other fellow-passenger kept loaded weapons under their pillows. Naturally this gave rise to some anxiety in Italy.

*To David Greenough, Esq.*

FLORENCE, Dec. 20, 1833.

MY DEAR FATHER, — I am here, hard at work as usual, but not very comfortable, on account of the length of time elapsed since Henry sailed, without getting any news of him. I shall not grow really uneasy, however, till I hear again from home.

I hear nothing of the statue of Medora, except that it has arrived, and nothing of the books, which ought to have been sent. I have much on my shoulders, and depend entirely for comfort on what I hear from home, being here amid strangers who see too many foreigners and know too well that we are here for the moment only, to care anything about us.

I enclose a letter to Sam Eliot, Esq., in which I have asked him the names of the gentlemen who lent me money to come abroad, as I am in hopes to pay a part if not the whole of the amount this year.

My statue is composed, and if I may believe what I hear, is not bad. It will require a ship of the line to take it home. I mean to return with it, if not before.

Such is the number of people who bring letters to me, that I sometimes have a regular procession in and out of my house, to the great interruption of my studies. I wish you would instruct such as you introduce to me, that I am to be found at home in the summer after six o'clock P. M., and in the winter after four P. M. Thus I shall be able to do my duty to my friends without neglecting my business.

I am delighted to hear of your health and success. The family bids fair to be a happy one, if we can avoid all small ambitions and live within our means.

Your affectionate son, HORATIO.

The writer of the following letter, when a midshipman, was stationed at Leghorn at the time Lord Byron was living there.

The noble poet having expressed a desire to visit the American man-of-war, young Auchmuty was sent on shore, at the head of a boat's crew, to bring him off. On their way Byron asked to look at his sword, as he was curious in the matter of arms. "Certainly," said the midshipman, unbuckling the sword and presenting it. After examining the workmanship, Byron looked for the name of the manufacturer, and seeing that of a celebrated Sheffield house, he returned it, saying, "I perceive that you Americans do not disdain to use British arms." "No, my lord," was the apt reply, "we make a point of using the best of everything." Afterwards, as lieutenant, he was often in Florence, where the liveliness of his wit made him a favorite. His life was a short one.

*Lieut. H. F. Auchmuty to Henry Greenough.*

TYNDALL HALL, June, 1834.

MY DEAR HARRY, — I was much delighted a few days since by the receipt of yours of the 12th, for if I cannot see that rosy countenance so much liked by the Italians, it does me good to see your mark

upon paper ; and as you have taken to the quill (or do you use the patent Perryan ?) instead of the brush, you have no excuse for not gratifying me often in the same way. But don't, "as you love me, Hal," give up painting entirely, for you understand it.

I suppose you would like to know where Tyndall Hall is located. Did you ever hear of the state-prison at Sing Sing? Well, it is not there, but only a mile and a half from it, on the east bank of the Hudson, and directly on the middle shore of the Tappan Zee and thereabouts. I have bought a farm of a round hundred of the best acres of land in Westchester County, with a snug house and good outbuildings, and Mrs. Auchmuty and I are living here quietly. I am building an addition, so that I shall have lots of room. The contract is made and the builders are at work. I have now plenty of spare rooms, and should be most happy to see one of them occupied by friend Harry.

The change has already been of great service to my health. I find my time well occupied in attending to the farm ; nevertheless we manage to ride every day (I keep



five horses), and you may do likewise if you will come on ; or I have a very nice pair of oxen which you may drive ; a small boat and excellent fishing abreast of the house, in a brook running through the farm ; plenty of woodcock, and my double barrel always at your service ; so let dollars and cents go to the — West Indies, and come for a while and take milk potatoes. The only part of "Cruiskeen Lawn" I sing now is the first line, —

"Let the farmer praise his grounds ;"

and depend upon it, I have grounds worthy of all praise. I want you here to give me some ideas in the improvements I propose making extensively. I have fine fruit, and a dairy worked by water-power. What do you think, you rogue, of 18 cwt. of butter ? It was made last year from this place ! I have a convenient market for my produce, being only thirty miles from the city, and a steamer coming and going every day ; my close vicinity to the prison would enable me to visit my friends sociably if they were to disregard the laws of *meum* and *tuum*.

Present me kindly to Gore. I do not know the Moreland Cottage you speak of,

but it cannot fail of being pretty on the banks of Jamaica pond.

I am happy to hear your brother is doing so well and is in good health. I wish I could send him *carte blanche* for some sculpture. Willis I am reminded of through the "Mirror," where his "First Impressions" still flourish. I hope you will change your mind about the Medora. The only thing here in the way of the arts is Ball Hughes's plaster cast of Uncle Toby and the Widow Wadman. The summer is not the time for exhibitions. I have excited the curiosity of the Gothamites not a little, to look upon the fair features and beautiful proportions of Horatio's Child of Fancy. His bust of Lafayette will be doubly valuable now.

Believe me sincerely yours,

H. J. AUCHMUTY.

PARIS, Sept. 3, 1834.

MY DEAR HARRY, — I am about to leave Paris. After a day spent entirely in visiting, compliments, and foolishness, winding up with dining with the Cavalière Starti at a café on the Boulevard, I am alone in my chamber. There is a melancholy about

a superb capital. After being fêted and feasted and dazzled till you are weary, you say to yourself, What of all this ?

I shall leave on the 6th, my birthday, three years exactly from the day when I entered Paris before.

I went this morning to see Ingres the painter, who has been appointed to succeed Vernet, as director of the French school at Rome. I carried a proof of the print they are making of my Lafayette, and had the pleasure of hearing it called "very like, and in a *beau style*," by a man who never flatters.

I have had the greatest difficulty in procuring a cast of Houdon's bust ; you may imagine the bore and fret I have had, when I say I have absolutely done nothing during the business hours of the day but run to and fro, hunting, inquiring and requesting and beseeching. *Una cosa da morire !* I have what will serve my turn. I go to Florence convinced that there is no spot on earth equal to that for what I want.

Jonathan Mason goes with me to Milan and Venice, and I shall see a part of Italy I have so long been curious about without the apology for visiting it.

I find by the New York papers that Morse has published my letter to him. On reading it over I see what I should wish altered, but do not regret his printing it. It is but right that these critics should know that we workmen think as well as they, and think two to their one where art is concerned.

The number of painters here is incredible, the quantity produced prodigious. Where can they find purchasers at the prices they ask?

Dear, compact, bird's-eye, cheap, quiet, mind-your-own-business, beautiful Florence, how does my heart yearn for you! There stand your bell-tower and your Palazzo Vecchio. What care I for those who inhabit you? There will I build my church!

I have bought a lot of books, Latin, Spanish, etc. I carry away all I want, and leave nothing in Paris to regret save the Théâtre Français and the Burgundy wine, which is really Christian, — “wise as a serpent and harmless as a dove.”

I find I am quite alone in my politics among the genteel Americans. I am not noisy with my opinions, but I hold them.

Our countrymen, admitted to the enjoyment and refinement of polite life abroad, exempted from the burdens and slavery of a civil relation with the governments of the countries they visit, think that all is sugar. Strange blindness! Will the world ever be wise? I think not. Let us therefore keep our opinions for our own guidance. I am, my dear Harry, yours affectionately,  
HORATIO GREENOUGH.

FLORENCE, Dec. 20, 1834.

MY DEAR HARRY, — It is about two months since I have heard from you, directly or indirectly. I have corresponded constantly with John since I went to Paris, and have the promise of several orders for him. For me, I go on as usual, except that I am much more visited than when you were here. The court is quite crowded sometimes with carriages.

DECEMBER 26.

I still get no news from any of you. I received a letter from Mr. Gilmore. He has been trying to get up an exhibition of my Medora in New York and Philadelphia, but without success. He is a very kind man.

JAN. 18, 1835.

I wish you all a Happy New Year. I have no news from Government, no accounts of the arrival of my group, "no nothing"! I heard the other day from Mr. Griffin, of New York, the bust of whose son I modelled last winter from a print and a mask. I sent him one in marble, by order of Colonel Thorn; and as I have a second one to make, was anxious to know if I could improve it. He answered that he could suggest no alterations whatever.

I am very busy on my statue of Washington. They send me no money for it, which is neglectful of them.

Madame Catalani has been here to-day to see the studio. She is, I fancy, a very capable woman, but sufficiently *blasée*.

I was at Madame Murat's the other evening, and saw a fine bust of the king her husband. She receives every evening in a way which I think agreeable. There are commonly four or five rooms open: in one are card tables; in another, billiards; in a third, tea is served throughout the evening. She has only the trouble of recognizing her friends as they enter, after which she leaves her maids of honor to entertain them, and

goes about looking on, or sits down to cards, or listens to music. It is very pleasant.

I wish to mention that I was treated when in Paris with uncommon attention and kindness by Mr. Stoddard, of the firm of Edwards & Co. Mason has been very polite to me. I trust you will consider a favor done me as done to yourself, and I will do the same. Give me a chance to be civil to any friend of yours, and you shall try me.

I have at this moment a fine, tall, milk-white greyhound frolicking about me. He puts his forepaws on my shoulders as I stand erect. His nose is pink, and his ears look like rose-leaves. Everybody is enamoured of him. I gave five dollars for him, and have already received fifty-five dollars' worth of pleasure.

HORATIO.

The Wallis mentioned in the following letter was an eccentric English artist, long since dead. He had lived in Spain for some years, bringing from there very valuable pictures in (as was supposed) a doubtful way. He was so mendacious that nothing he said was believed. Sometimes,

during his marvellous accounts of his pictorial experiences, if he perceived an expression of incredulity in his listener he would stop suddenly, saying, "And so it goes on, all equally strong." This sentence was in vogue for a time among the art students.

He had a habit of asking any visitor at his studio, whom he knew, to dine with him. The feeling, however, that he had learned empty compliments from the Spaniards, and that he was impecunious, prevented an acceptance of his hospitality. One day, when he was persistent and mentioned that he had secured a fine peacock, a young friend, narrating the circumstance to the Greenoughs, said: "I was tired of his falsehoods, and determined for once to mortify him; therefore I unwillingly took a seat at his table, when lo! in due time a well-cooked bird. Wallis carved it with a subdued air of triumph, glancing slyly at me as if saying, 'I told you so!'"

Mr. Kirkup, in giving an account of Walter Savage Landor's friends, confirms this opinion of Wallis. He writes: "He was intimate with a retired painter [Smith] who was over a hundred years old. Another painter friend of his was Wallis,



an old resident whom he characterized as telling white lies as well and oftener than any man living. I recollect Landor having a dispute with him about a picture he had bought and as usual christened a Correggio, which ended by his exclaiming, 'The only proof I want that it is, is that Wallis should say it is not!'"

Oliver Wendell Holmes mentions in his appreciative and impartial life of Ralph Waldo Emerson, that on his return from his first visit to Europe in 1834 he found nothing in his diary to publish concerning visits to places, but he saw a number of distinguished men. Horatio Greenough and Walter Savage Landor are the chief persons he speaks of as having met upon the Continent.

FLORENCE, Feb. 17, 1835.

MY DEAR HENRY,—I thank you with all my heart for your very pleasant letter of November 2, which was three months in coming. I am well satisfied with the group (the Angel and Child), since you have not been disappointed. I trust you did not think I went too far in taking off two hundred dollars from the price of the work.

I am under obligations to the Perkins family, and was very unwilling to have the charge appear extortionate.

Old Smith is dead at last, and has left all his property to a woman who has taken care of him for the last forty years. He made no mention whatever of Wallis in his will, and on some one's interceding for him (when on his death-bed), he covered his face with the sheet, muttering, "E stato semprè un birbone, non lo voglio vedere." Mr. Hatton, the English clergyman here, called on me lately, and told me he had buried Smith, and that his papers proved he was one hundred and six years old, but how much older could not be ascertained. Wallis is frantic with disappointment.

I have advanced my model of Washington, and am pleased with it. There are half a dozen would-be critics here, who are playing around, but I keep them off. I think I know what I want. I shall cast in October next, and I have more than half an idea of going to America to model my bas-reliefs for my winter's work. This, however, will depend upon many things.

Have I told you of the immense difficulty I have had in composing a suitable chair for my figure? I have drawn and modelled quantities of *roba*, but the instant I saw my Colossus on his block the chair came to me. It is thus: You will see by this sketch that the form gives breadth and grandeur of masses, and has none of that French air which sinned in my first drawing. I have found it necessary, while adhering to the way of dressing the hair which you observe in the portraits of Washington, to open and loosen it more about the head. A smooth head looks weak and mean of that size. I am satisfied of the excellence of the authorities for the head; there is little difference in them but that of age.

I subjoin a sketch of a group I am modelling for Mr. Sears. I sent him one drawing, in which I represented his little daughter teaching her brother to read, but he found the *motivo* somewhat too matter-of-fact. I have put this composition in clay, in which the daughter has a squirrel held by a string, and her brother is trying to make it play about. He will soon be on here from Rome, and we shall see how he likes it.

I am in very good health, which I attribute partly to riding on horseback, which is useful beyond what you can imagine. It keeps me in spirits, and prevents melancholy from getting the mastery over me.

I should have sent Alexander's bust before this, but I heard he would be at the South all this winter. I wrote to him not long since, to express to him my high sense of the excellence of his copy of Stuart's Washington.

We are now in Carnival, and I might have danced and frolicked to my heart's content if I had had a mind. I was at a masked ball at the Countess Orloff's lately, in the dress of Francis II.'s time, and was complimented upon the effect. I was to have gone to another at Anderson's to-night, but am fagged out, and must go to see Dr. Codman of Dorchester. I had a visit from Landor with a large party of English.

Tell me about the family. There is scarce a word about yourselves in your letters.

As to your politics at home I want to see for myself, which I hope to do before long. I am sick of party feeling and bick-

ering. It seems as if many were trying to get wealth and power and lord it over their neighbors *à l'Anglaise*. My love to the whole Greenough family.

Ever thine,                      THRASH.<sup>1</sup>

FLORENCE, June 16, 1835.

MY DEAR HARRY,—Yours of May 2 came to-day. I received mother's very charming letter a few days since. I wish I could write an answer worthy of it. I will tell you my news, and trust to your interest in my welfare to make up for my dryness of manner. I should have been pleased to receive Allston's letter. It would have confirmed me in my own opinion as to Houdon's head. I have followed that closely. My statue is done to all intents and purposes, except the finishing; but as I mean the surface shall be elaborate, I shall spend two or three more months on it, and probably cast about the end of September. I have had many trials and much anxiety, owing to the ignorance or dishonesty of mechanics. I oversaw the construction of my banker myself, yet they managed to take me in. Bad wood,

<sup>1</sup> His nickname when a boy.

bad iron, bad bronze. However, with a little ingenuity all is going on well. It takes a whole piece of Egyptian cotton to cover my statue, and as I put two thicknesses during this warm weather, you may imagine how it goes. The surface has passed through a fine sieve and is as soft as silk. I have a man entirely devoted to the care of it all day.

I have nearly completed a group for Mr. Sears, and have just made another bust of Madame Para, with which all the world seems satisfied. I got a long and pleasant letter from Dr. Frank Higginson, who seems the same old fellow.

There is a Mr. Hollingsworth, of Milton, studying painting, who is very promising and has many estimable and amiable qualities. Several of the students have gone home, discouraged to find so long a road before them. I tell you what, it takes a great deal of resolution to work through the elements in a foreign land, with one's milk-teeth unshed and little money. As to Kinlock, he has made wonderful progress. He has the most indefatigable industry. His portraits are astonishing; every Academy figure as like as it can

stand ; a certain hardness and blackness about the shadowing, from a desire to put everything in. How far he'll go through in invention I can't say.

Mother tells me Alfred is very staid, and that you are the same noisy, merry fellow who used to get *corned* with minced meat ! Well, don't let anybody cheat you out of your temperament. It is the greatest of blessings ; and take care that this peculiarity of your constitution is not *contrarié*.

Love to all.

H. G.

FLORENCE, March 19, 1836.

MY DEAR HENRY, — Yours of February, containing the very painful news of father's illness, arrived yesterday. I trust that the pleasant season and gentle travel will set him up again. I hope he will be able to accompany me in some of my excursions.

This will probably be my last from Florence. All is well here and doing well.

I come home, not to lionize, but to work and attend to my own affairs. I think the family know enough of the world to appreciate rightly the puffs in vogue. They certainly are not to be despised, while they last. You will find that my presence will

disenchant four fifths of these admirers. However, you know something of these things, and have seen Allston and Stuart living unnoticed amid these good folk. I have many stanch friends in the country, of the very best kind in every respect ; also a few intimate ones, from whose intercourse I expect great pleasure.

If your engagements will allow you to come on to New York and go with me to Washington immediately, I shall be happy. I have plans of great moment, which depend partly on my getting there when Congress is sitting.

Say to Elizabeth Howard that although I have not heard from her for many months past, I should not have waited for a letter to answer, had I not been overwhelmed with *faccendè*.

John writes pleasantly. He is pushing on, and recovers pluck daily.

I'm just finishing a statue of one of Mr. Thomson's boys. He stands with the shuttlecock ready to let drive at his brother, who is to be standing ready for it. They are for the opposite corners of a room, and please everybody highly, for the novelty and the expressive action. HOR. GREENOUGH.



PARIS, April 22, 1836.

MY DEAR HARRY, — I am here at last, and in the best health. Paris seems to have made its toilette and to be prepared to look smart after three months' dusting. My head throbs with the bumping and thumping over so many leagues of pitiless pavement. I wait here only to receive the letters lying at Havre.

I need not say how happy I am in the thought of seeing you all shortly.

I ought to be thankful, certainly, for so much success and comfort. If I were to be cut off to-morrow, I should not have lived in vain, either for happiness or for success. God bless you all.

Yours affectionately,

HORATIO GREENOUGH.

## VISIT TO AMERICA IN 1836.

IN the summer of 1836 Greenough arrived in Boston for a short visit. During that time a very sad event occurred. The most beautiful and charming woman of their acquaintance died, and he and his brother Henry were sent for to take an impression of the features they had so often admired. They entered a chamber of death in their immediate neighborhood and fulfilled their task, but in vain. The bust was not successful, neither could it be. Even had the sculptor enjoyed the advantage of her living presence, his skill might have been baffled, for hers was a perfection which sculpture and painting attempted in vain to perpetuate. Marble gave no idea of her coloring, nor portraiture of her varying expression. The play of feature, the grace of movement, the living, breathing whole were beyond the power of art, and can only be recognized by memory. He returned to Italy in the late autumn.

FLORENCE, June 16, 1837.

MY DEAR BROTHER, — Your letter of the 5th was received to-day and was most welcome, as it relieved the anxiety I was under about the fate of the models I left in Boston.

I have done a good deal of work since I arrived. I have made a head of Heloise, of which two marbles are to be wrought, one for Baltimore and one for Philadelphia; a bust of Mr. Thomas, of Baltimore, and one of Miss Appleton, for her aunt, Mrs. Sam Appleton, to whom pray remember me in all kindness; one of Botta the historian, of which the Marquis Capponi is to have one copy, and Niccolini the poet another. Mr. F. C. Gray, of Boston, has given me an order for a head of Psyche and one of the young Augustus. Mr. Halsey has commissioned a statue of Aristides and one of Washington in modern dress, as companions, two feet high. I have added to my establishment at the studio a regular shop where all the carpenter's work can be done for me, and my man is constantly at work.

Capponi has been here for a couple of

hours, and has given me the sweetest praise I have tasted about the Washington.

I keep a carriage ; also a fine horse which I bought cheap, and another which matches him for the ladies, who go trundling round the *Cascade* to their great satisfaction. I drive them myself on Sundays. The mate is a Turkish horse, and they are as pretty a pair as are to be seen. The two, with the man who takes care of them, stand me in somewhat short of a dollar a day, which I think cheap for a luxury which insures me two hours' amusement *per diem*.

Miles (the American banker) has, I trust, weathered the storm unscathed. We have both come out of the furnace with an improved friendship. With great honor and prudence he foresaw the storm, and it found him under double reef and with his dead-lights in. If the Government send me my money I will remit it at once, agreeably to Alfred's instructions. If not, I will see what can be done, but I cannot run upon Miles now ; he lent me when I was in need.

AUGUST 18, 1837.

MY DEAR BROTHER, — The cases containing casts arrived safely about fifteen days

since. They were well packed and baled ; accept my thanks for your attention to them. I observe with disappointment that there is no portrait of Mrs Emily Otis. How this has happened, whether from Alexander's or Mr. Otis's unwillingness to have a good picture cross the water, I cannot decide ; but this is sure, that I cannot risk a bust made from the cast alone. I beg you will say this : what I have is useful, but will not suffice.

I beg you will also say to Mr. Appleton that on account of the unavoidable delay I have suffered in getting his bust hither, its shipment will be postponed. I am waiting to hear from Mr. Whitwell about the model of the dog. You will perhaps have seen in the papers that I accept the new order which the President has offered me only on condition of having my own time to do it in. I choose this means of securing myself from being hurried and annoyed, and resorting, as many sculptors do, to subterfuge to lengthen out the time. If I have any strong motive now for work, it is the love of seeing things done as they should be ; and I will not sell the satisfaction for any money.

I have finished the statues of Colonel Thomson's boys playing at battledore. You would be pleased to see how graceful the shuttlecock is in the hand; quite as pretty as the tulip of Speranza. Mr. Sears's group is nearly done.

I have succeeded in finding a house in Pinti which will hold us all; thirteen rooms, very compact, looking on a large garden behind the Pergola. I shall move into it about the 1st of October, and be married to Miss Gore, I trust, by the 15th.

I have written to mother not to pay any attention to the exaggerated stories of the cholera. This part of Italy has suffered much heretofore, and is now free from any symptoms of the kind. Naples and Sicily have been frightfully scourged.

Tuckerman is here, and very hearty.

I have been lately for ten days to the Baths of Lucca, where I had the finest air and scenery in Italy. The heat in Florence was overpowering.

I found the Stisteds at the Baths, where they have built an English cottage, and have lived three years there, even in winter. The Duke has given the Colonel a decoration, which he is very complacent about,

wearing it scrupulously. They asked very kindly after you, which, as you are neither Count nor Marquis, you must look on as particularly civil.

I beg to be remembered to Mason, Allston, and Dana. Yours affectionately,

HORATIO.

Colonel Stisted, mentioned in this letter, was some years before head groom in the ducal stables. He became the most intimate friend and adviser of the eccentric Duke of Lucca, and was by him ennobled and enriched.

FLORENCE, Dec. 19, 1837.

MY DEAR HARRY,—Accept my best thanks for yours of November 13. I do assure you that hearing you had been able to send John so large a sum gave me the sincerest and fullest joy I have experienced for many a day.

Mr. Wilde, Mr. Russell, and the Louisas are playing Boston; and if I can give you anything like a notion of the state of matters amid this storm of hearts, diamonds, and clubs, I shall esteem myself fortunate.

The Cabots have gone to Rome. I made a bust of Madame. Mr. Cabot reminded

me of old times, his face is so associated with State Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Farrar are here, and Powers is making a bust of the former. The east wind has dealt hardly with "honest Jack." I think his lady an agreeable person. The Warrens are expected next month.

Bezzuoli has sold his Venus for one thousand *francesconi* (dollars). He has several commissions, and an immense number of scholars.

JAN. 17, 1838.

A Happy New Year to you all.

I am now making a bust of Colonel Thomson, and a Venus for Mr. Lowell. Mr. Sears's group only waits an opportunity to sail. The Washington moves slowly; there is no driving those snails at Carrara. I was told that a society had been formed for making a railroad there, but that the Duke of Modena had put in his veto. It made my heart ache to see the shiftless and clumsy apparatus for moving blocks from the quarry.

I pass my time agreeably, and assure you the prospect of a pleasant evening circle carries me through the toils of the day:



Whom must I needs meet for my sins this morning but old Bartolomei, from Ancona, looking as thin as when last here! After the usual compliments he went on to say he had heard I was married; and though I gave the old rogue the address of my studio, he held on and questioned until I found I must be rude, or invite him to call; which I did, secretly determined to warn the servants to say I was abroad when a *vecchietto complimentoso* asked for me.

What says Alfred to this great political reaction? I suppose it will all work right.

I wish you knew Frank C. Gray. I think him one of the most charming, best informed, and worthiest of men. *Learn* him, and you will find me correct. Love to all hands. Your affectionate brother,

H. GREENOUGH.

FLORENCE, March 18, 1838.

DEAR HENRY, — I should have written you several weeks since, but for a crowd of visitors, a press of business, and illnesses among our friends. Captain Nash, of Boston, and Mr. Powers have both lost their eldest sons.

The Warrens have occupied us agreeably until within a few days, when they went to Bologna.

The case containing Mrs. Otis's portrait and that of Alexander's babe arrived last week in perfect order. The picture of Mrs. Otis, with all its imperfections, will be of great use to me.

Say to Alexander that I am pleased with the sketches of his child, but he must have patience. I know not, indeed, if it will be possible for me to try so uncertain an experiment, based on so many data. Had it been an old man's head, I should be sanguine ; but these little milk sponges are so subtle in their forms, so difficult to copy under the most favorable circumstances, that I fear it will be labor lost.

I have received an order for Abdiel walking through the rebel host of angels, described in "Paradise Lost," and a bas-relief of the angel forbidding Saint John to worship him. I have suffered more than I can tell you from the delays thrown in my way by cholera and the dilatory habits of the Carrarese. I am determined to keep cool and work. I am as happy and comfortable in my home as a man can be,

though the difference of my present *ménage* has drawn around me a set of would-be friends whom I have difficulty in keeping at arm's-length.

Please let Miss Gibbs know that I have heard nothing of the portrait of her father, and it is impossible I should do anything definitive until I get it, except in the architectural part of the monument. Mr. F. B. is with us. He has set us all a singing, and has a rich bass voice.

FLORENCE, March 28, 1838.

We have friends to dine to-day, and I find myself dressed to meet them an hour before the time; I will spend that time with you. I am much gratified by Mr. Loring's kind reception of my request. It is almost impossible to unite studies like mine with business habits. Formerly I took the safe method of always working and never spending; this I can do no longer and I have some difficulty in learning the *new trick*.

Tell Jonathan Mason that his bust is coming on rapidly and without a stain. Mrs. Bartol is very patient not to scold

me. I shall endeavor to compensate her for waiting.

Do you remember the house in S. Gaetano, said to be built by Michael Angelo? A number of circumstances force the owner (the Duchess of Strozzi) to sell it, though four thousand dollars were expended on it by her sister. It is one of the most perfect jewels you ever saw. I am in treaty for it (being in thorough repair), and you may have some idea of the splendor of the arrangements when I tell you there are two marble baths equal to anything of the kind ever made. There is more than room for you all if you come, as we hope and trust.

Did you ever hear a regularly bred English farrier, dog-fancier, horse-jockey, etc., talk? Here are a few words remembered from a conversation yesterday. Voice, a low croak, but strong, like a man with a bad cold. Describing a horse: "He's the worst feller I ever see, sir, for grabbing! he'll eat his whole feed o' corn in three minutes; don't chew it none. Take care, sir, d-on't stand too near, he's as roguish as he is long."

"Bad dog of yours, eh?"

"Oh no, sir, *he* ain't nothin' ; his father was a terrible feller. Tige was his name. I've seed him kill five cats in six minutes ! I've got his head in here, dried."

I have made an ideal head in American clay. At four paces' distance you would pronounce it a highly wrought marble, such is the degree of finish of which it is susceptible.

We met Miss Fox last night, so like her uncle, the great British statesman, that I feel as if I had seen him. She gave me, I presume, an idea of the manners of England in the last century. I was well pleased with a simplicity, courtesy, and gentleness like that of Madam Quincy or our own good mother.

In haste,

H. GREENOUGH.

FLORENCE, April 27, 1838.

DEAR HENRY, — I have written you less frequently than formerly during the past six months, owing to the press of new cares and the increase of old ones. I am struggling to free myself from small and disagreeable jobs. My work goes on in a still and noiseless manner since my mar-

riage, and with an efficiency and constancy which I have never known.

I am desirous of employing some one in Boston to attend to my affairs, — those which require professional correctness. I have thought much of the choice of the person, and believe I should prefer Charles G. Loring to any other, from the opinion of his talents and character I have heard father express, and in which I am sure you heartily agree with him. I beg you will mention to him my wish, not from the importance of my affairs at present, but from the possibility that they may assume a greater importance hereafter.

I assure you I was vexed when I found that Mr. Celestini (with whom I had only a "how d'ye do" acquaintance) had obtained letters as a picture dealer, when I thought I was giving them to a gentleman. I am surprised you did not remark my silence on the subject of his speculations. You are aware that from my situation here I am obliged to be civil to persons of respectability, for *definite objects* and limited to those objects. I need not caution *you*, who have lived in this country, against admitting into your family circle any for-

eigner unless introduced by his or your intimate friends.

We are suffering just now much annoyance from protracted and sullen rains.

I am building a billiard-table, which I think will be an admirable resource in such weather. I make a frame like a slate-frame, filling it with plaster, which is reduced to a dead-water level and rests on bricks supported by joists. When the plane is dry, I pass it over with hot drying oil and beeswax, and lay the cloth on what seems plate glass. The legs are of brick-work.

Mr. Powers has suffered horribly from the long illness and death of his eldest-born, but is at work again and cheerful. He is making an admirable bust of me. I like him very much, and esteem his talents as highly as ever.

Mrs. Rogers is here with a sweet babe, and is pretty well.

I think you would admire our family circle. Two of them are now playing chess. *Apropos*, I am making a splendid set of chessmen of bronze and brass gilt.

Yours, with love to all,

HORATIO.

Although there were some vexations resulting from the letter of introduction delivered by the Italian mentioned above, Boston was enriched by the sale of the Celestini collection, for they were the best pictures that had then been brought to this country.

FLORENCE, Jan. 2, 1839.

MY DEAR HARRY, — In answering your most agreeable letter of November, I will begin with wishing you each and all a most Happy New Year. We have reason to feel truly thankful that thirty-eight passed over our heads in uninterrupted prosperity, while thirty-seven not only was preceded by disasters, but seemed pregnant with much ill-fortune.

I am in another house, and am satisfied with it; as it is two miles from the studio, I get exercise and quiet. I see a few friends in my own house, and am rarely without a visitor in the evening. I have set my face against promiscuous society in this country, — a society of which some vapid Yankees who pass a month or two, perhaps, are sure to be enamoured. A proud and savage concentration is sometimes ne-



cessary here. *Porcupine* is the word here, you may depend!

I am happy to say this has been my most productive year. No man since Canova has undertaken more; and I sometimes fear the effect of the fire of ambition, the glow of emulation, the waste of study, and the machinations of envy and jealousy, in the craft about me.

I begin to think of publishing my works in America by subscription, engraved well and explained with the verses that have been written upon them. Would Goodrich edit?

I cannot tell you how mortified I have been at disappointing Mr. Nathan Appleton of his daughter Mary's bust. I could not recall her; so there's nothing to say but that I'll try again.

I am quite pleased with Mr. James Amory's conversation.

You have done well with the estate, and are a man.

Yours affectionately,

HORATIO.

FLORENCE, Feb. 25, 1839.

MY DEAR HENRY,—I received yours of January 22d to-day. I confess I often

pine and languish for a sight of my friends at home ; and when I think how many years must pass before I can return, I feel as if I were living at a foolish sacrifice of comfort.

I have just finished a colossal bust of Franklin, which I think of sending to Philadelphia or New York, as I find you Bostonians are not fond of the colossal. I beg you to look at my Psyche, made for Mr. Gray, when it arrives. The group is far advanced ; but all the requests I made for Indian skulls, dresses, and drawings, have not brought me any good, and I run the risk of being obliged to make my savage by guess-work or description, unless I get speedy relief.

I have refused to make busts at less than one hundred napoleons. I care not if I never get any more orders of that sort. Our good folk think statues can be turned out like yards of sheeting.

Never allow any one's murmurs to shake your opinion of your brother's industry ; of his honor, I need not speak. Love to all.  
*Addio.*

HORATIO.

FLORENCE, Sept. 25, 1839.

MY DEAR BROTHER, — This is a bulletin of my progress in several works. I request that notes may be addressed to the persons concerned, informing them of what I write.

The Venus of Lowell is far advanced, in a good piece of marble. It was detained at Carrara nine months, owing to the press of work and scarcity of fine pieces of stone.

The monument for Miss Gibbs is finished in the architectural parts, and the sculpture is modelled.

Mr. Otis's bust is done, and I only retain it awhile in the hope of improving it from the suggestions of Emily's acquaintance. It will, I fear, be a failure, and I can only offer pecuniary sacrifice to atone for the disappointment.

Dr. Warren's bust of his father will go by the first opportunity. The group is advanced very far, and the Washington is nearly done. I assure you this last surpasses my expectations as a *likeness*, but what will be its reception as a work of art I know not.

John has gone to Vallambrosa with Mr. Minot. I have here his first landscape, which is admired.

The exhibition is open, the best I have seen. Powers has four busts in marble, which have placed him at the very top of this branch of sculpture.

I visited some of the quarries in Carrara last month, and several studios of the Carrarese sculptors. Thorwaldsen's Christ and the Apostles are still here. I see his work with a very different eye from formerly. I have not changed my opinion of the Christ, yet I find it a little hard; but the other statues of his here are sketchy and loose to the last degree, though his fine feeling for composition and form too will make his works always valuable.

I have continually had occasion to regret that Cole was not of our party. He would have been delighted. Your brother,

HORATIO.

FLORENCE, Feb. 1, 1840.

MY DEAR HARRY,—I have at last cast the main group for the Capitol. The Washington is now so far advanced that I begin to show it, and the effect produced encourages me. I should prefer a solid mass of granite for the pedestal, but know not what will be decided.

I dined a few days since with Capponi, in company with Count Seristori, a celebrated statistical writer, Boccella of Lucca, a Swiss *littérateur*, and a Piedmontese nobleman. I have nearly finished Capponi's bust; it is my best.

We have been more gay this winter than usual; twice to Court, at Lord Fox's, the British Minister's, Fenzi's, and several times at Mrs. Thomson's, whose parties have been voted the pleasantest in town.

The English are here in great numbers. Owing to their overbearing conduct in public, several quarrels have taken place in the theatres and the streets, in which some of them have been seriously wounded. At one of the late balls at Court several of them became so imprudent and forgetful of what was due to the hospitality of the good *Sovrano* and their own national character as to drink champagne to excess; and one actually staggered about in the presence of royalty, with a servant in the Duke's liveries at each elbow in case he should fall. The public has been much excited by this little outrage. The individuals implicated have been sent away, although the British Minister declined ex-

posing their names, on account of their connections.

Powers has made only one bust this winter, and was obliged to reduce his price. Though all acknowledge his superiority, I fear he may not do well here, as there is so much intriguing and undermining. Their policy is to speak well of a man, but to isolate him. Bartolini called on Powers about a year ago, and pronounced him the greatest portrait sculptor living; since then he has seen nothing of him.

I almost dread the idea of going to America, so numerous are the accidents by fire and water. I have been and am overwhelmed with responsibilities, cares, and labor, but trust in God that 1840 will see my affairs in a settled and honorable position.

HORATIO GREENOUGH.

FLORENCE, April 12, 1840.

DEAR HENRY,—I write this in much grief for our friend Mr. C. R. Potter, to whom you gave me a letter. He has been treated with great skill by Besfalini, who has the highest reputation here. I have seen him every day in spite of pressing

engagements, and every day has added to my respect for his qualities. He has no idea of his situation, and I do not feel justified in adding despair and desolation of heart to the bodily ills under which he is suffering.

APRIL 20.

I write in great haste to inform you of the death of Mr. Potter. I beg you will acquaint his family. He received every attention and kindness possible.

HORATIO GREENOUGH.

FLORENCE, May 15, 1841.

MY DEAR HENRY, — I received your letter, giving me the welcome intelligence that Channing's works are on their way. I now need a second copy for the Marquis Boccella, chamberlain of the Duke of Lucca. I have an order from Mournieff, for a bust of Channing, with the words "His word was with power" on the base.

Capponi has ordered a miniature copy of the Washington as a present for his daughter.

Sabatelli, the director of the Academy at Milan, who is come hither to paint the Hall of Galileo, after contemplating my

statue from every side, said, "Caro Signor Orazio [translation], a great and noble thought, greatly expressed. The form fine, with a surface like flesh; pose, majestic and simple."

I wish you could see my statue of the daughter of the Austrian minister. It stands in the centre of their *salon*, in a fine light. I believe I have described the action to you formerly. The pedestal is of dark, purple, oriental marble, with gold letters raised, to tell the name and age of the child. I am now making a bust of the mother, who is very beautiful.

I have been more into society this winter than ever before; I do not mean balls, but *soirées intimes*. The adherence to my national opinions, which has been such an obstacle with the English to me, has been in my favor with other nations. I was taking tea with a Russian lady six weeks since, when a gentleman high in place in one of their governments spoke of an American lady, asking of me, "She belongs to one of your great American families, does she not?" I answered, "We have no great families in America. We have colossal men, but families remain in their



natural greatness. The lady of whom you speak has certainly given many good servants to the republic."

If you look over the London Court Journal of this month, you will find an article upon my works, signed "Giberna." It was written by Lady Bulwer, who is intimate at our house.

We received a visit on Sunday last from Mrs. Trollope. We found her (quite contrary to our expectations) a very sensible, well-bred old woman, rather *brusque*, but decidedly a good specimen of her age and occupations. She was quite complimentary in speaking of our country, and we paid her marked attention, that being the only mode of receiving a clever person and keeping him *dans son tort*.

The United States sloop of war "Preble" is at Leghorn, waiting to put the Washington on board. You may conceive the dreadful state of anxiety in which I live until that work is under the hatches. Commodore Hull gives the captain the privilege of touching at one or more ports in the Mediterranean, in order to fill up his ship, and discharge each cargo anywhere north of Norfolk, before landing the monu-

ment. I wrote Mr. Webster a very warm letter on the subject. I learn with grief the backwardness of the secretary in paying my draft. I have driven through my work amid the sneers of envy and the tittle-tattle of detraction. I must be backed by my country, or I shall be forced to give way before so much *interest* against me.

Yours in full pluck, HORATIO.

FLORENCE, Oct. 27, 1841.

MY DEAR HARRY,—I have derived very great pleasure from the news that the public approve of the view I took of Commodore Hull's contract, and that Congress have so handsomely voted the supplies requisite for placing the statue. One thing few will remember or even imagine; namely, how much I must have suffered before I made up my mind to speak in that manner of the venerable Commodore, and that, too, in a letter intended for publication. As yet, I have not one word officially.

Mr. and Mrs. White (*née* Hubbard) are here, and we have had much comfort with our cousins.

Count Mournieff informs me that Brown the bookseller has undertaken to send him

the new edition of Channing's works. He is very desirous of a bust of Channing ; and if one cannot be had, pray send me a print, for the old gentleman gives me no peace. A scene occurred at his house the other evening between the old Count Galoskin, a Russian diplomate, and myself, which would have given you some pleasure. American affairs became the topic, and the old fellow, who is somewhat of an Anglo-mane, launched forth into a most unseemly diatribe upon the States ; and though our hostess tried several times to make him understand there was a Yankee present, he either did not, or could not, or would not hear. I let him finish, and then took the *parole*.

I told him that my opinion of his justice and discernment would make me very unhappy in learning his condemnation of my country, if he had had an opportunity of becoming really acquainted with it ; that I pretended not to interfere with his partiality for England, a country modelled after a fashion more in unison with all that he was attached and habituated to than my own ; but as an American I felt that I ought to set him right with regard to the

facts he had adduced in support of his abuse, not *one of which* was correct, as I proved to the satisfaction of all present. He made a polite apology, confessed ignorance, and professed himself obliged for the information. I proved that England might be exposed to some of the charges he had made against America, and got the laugh on him. He ended by quoting De Tocqueville and eulogizing Washington.

While I was sledge-hammering the old Count I heard the words, "Bravo! c'est bien, cela est vrai!" which made me glad I had measured weapons with an old diplomat who thought he could crush democracy with ease.

Love to all. *Addio.*

HORATIO GREENOUGH.

## VISIT TO WASHINGTON IN 1842.

IN 1842 Greenough decided to visit Washington, present his claims, and oversee the placing of his statue on its pedestal.

NEW YORK, 1842.

MY DEAR HARRY,— Here I am in fine health, only anxious about you all, not having heard from you for a long time. I have been detained a little longer than I had hoped. I must remain here a few days to land my effects. I shall say nothing now of the effect produced on me by these green woods, this brilliant town, this world of living and acting men. More when we meet. I have been charmed, delighted.

Adieu. Your affectionate

HORATIO G.

P. S. The daguerrotypes made here are beautiful. They give all the effect of a drawing upon a white ground. The pre-

tended color they transfer is only a local generation of minium, which you know is a form of mercury.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 1, 1842.

DEAR HENRY,— We have taken rooms for the season. Nothing can be done, for the present, with reference to my claims. I regret not having remained in Boston. We should have been spared a dreary and comfortless winter.

The ornamental department of the Capitol seems controlled by the demon of bad taste. The interior, coated with white lead, looks as flimsy as a Yankee meeting-house; tawdry pretension and meanness characterize the interior; everything is painted white that they can reach with their brushes; the portraits of the Presidents, by Stuart, stuck against pilasters (white) opposite a staring suite of windows that go down to the very floor; seven interesting busts crowded into a window-opening, getting their light from every point of the compass.

The new structures are of a respectable appearance. The Post-Office is the handsomest palace in the country. No make-

shift or afterthought about it. It is truly elegant. The Patent Office is of the natural color of the stone and looks well. There are good points about the Capitol, notwithstanding its anomalies. How is it possible to render the building harmonious, when there is no architect to superintend the matter?

The great material interests absorb the country (as is natural), and the most proper thing for an artist here to do is to keep quiet and exert an indirect and gentle influence within his own sphere.

The landscape around is covered with snow, which saddens my very soul. It looks as if the painters had been at work with their white lead on the whole face of Nature.

Love to all.

HORATIO.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 1, 1843.

MY DEAR HARRY, — A Happy New Year to each and all of you. The roar that was raised here on the arrival of the "Somers" was dreadful. The voice of Mrs. Spencer was heard all through the neighborhood. Poor woman! She, it seems, always sheltered the failings of her boys from a just

and severe father. He, though silent, allowed a friend to come out with an ill-judged and passionate tirade, in which, to crown all, it was asserted the mutiny was a hoax.

I have long known Mackenzie personally. He is of the Brutus and General Jackson stamp. When I reflect that for several days it rested with one man whether or not a United States vessel should be turned into a piratical cruiser, furnishing an example of the truth of what is said of us abroad,—that authority to quell our own incongruous and unruly elements of nationality does not exist among us,—I feel a gratitude, not easily expressed, toward the glorious fellow who did summary justice on the spot, and brought a clean ship into port at the expense of the lives of the three ringleaders. That the Secretary of War had a son in the gang and at the head of it only adds splendor to the achievement. I dare say it will be managed to make Mackenzie suffer for having thus acted. Men can't be heroes gratis; but abroad, the act will tell nobly for the service and for the nation. Yours,

HORATIO.



WASHINGTON, 1843.

MY DEAR HARRY, — I have modified my request of Congress, merely asking for a beginning, on account of the state of the Treasury. I ask them to appropriate \$5,000 to move the statue, place it on the pedestal, and cover it with a temporary shelter, leaving my own views in relation to the building, if they erect one, which no doubt they will. This work is beginning to be felt and understood, and has already strong friends and admirers. Benton told me, at a large dinner-party, that though he could not reconcile his taste to the nudity of the body, the head had often enchained him for half an hour together. Arnold told me the other day that when he first saw it he thought it *outré*. "The second time," he said, "I was not shocked at all; after that I began to like it, and have gone on liking it better and better. Depend upon it, my case is that of hundreds. I know it! The statue is growing upon us." The result of all this is uncertain.

Poor Morse is here with his beautiful, his magical telegraph. How he contrives to keep alive the hope that they will vote him \$30,000 now, when they propose to cut

down West Point and reduce the salaries in the navy, I know not. He goes regularly to the House.

I find a general confidence among the true democrats that the country will come up of itself after a time, and that Congress can really effect nothing material. I am more and more convinced that a specie currency is the only safe one. The idea that the rest of the world can hold the specie and leave us to make our transfer in paper, when we are the growers of necessities and they the producers of luxuries, is, I think, altogether unfounded. Skilfully managed, nay, let alone, our products will do for us what British spindles and hammers have done for them,—bring the gold of the world into our lap. But what a vast array of skilful managers, of experienced humbuggers, of interested sophistry, is and always will be pitted against this view of the matter.

I am confirmed in all my views of old-fashioned federalism. It is only a desire for monarchy or aristocracy, with monopolies, privileges, and all the old-fashioned furniture of old-fashioned governments. Are the people equal to the task of guard-

ing their rights from the mistakes of their friends and the machinations of their foes? I hope, but I fear.

I am acquainted with almost all the foreign ministers. Their dislike of our institutions is too strong for concealment, and the slightest admission of evil causes an outpouring on their part very instructive, if not agreeable. The example of this nation is modifying every government at the expense of the privileges of the *few*. It goes on rapidly.

I can give you some interesting detail hereafter. Love to all.

Your affectionate brother,

H. GREENOUGH.

WASHINGTON, March 3, 1843.

DEAR HARRY,— There is no telling what Congress will or will not do. They have passed both Morse's and my bill to-day, and both by a handsome majority. I am very anxious to know whether Solomon Willard will come on to move the statue. I shall make a drawing for the pedestal, to be forwarded to Quincy. In all this time I have not taken one indirect step to insure the passage of this bill. I know

very few of the members, and if ever a measure was passed by its own weight, it is this.

The number of jobbers is sickening, and the way in which office holders and seekers plot, combine, and log-roll is disgusting. I think the democracy is not pure nor high-minded. It is strong, very strong. If it cannot be enlightened, elevated, and placed on a level with its position, if it cannot be raised to a sense of its duties, the country will be degraded.

With you in Boston everything is either business or politics; here, all is politics. Mr. Webster was very civil to me. He would have helped me if he could. I did not require it. My business was settled in ten minutes, as soon as I got a hearing from the President. I have made my report, and only wait to have it read by J. Q. Adams before handing it up.

Greenhow, of the State Department, has been of infinite service to me. He is a true Greenough, has three bugle-horns on his shield, as we do, and comes from Brandleshaw also; so we consider ourselves as brothers. J. J. Greenough is a gentleman, and very attentive.

Wise goes to France. I cannot conceive a more painful position for a man accustomed to ride over opposition in county politics, than to represent this nation in its present bad odor, among cool, polished foreign diplomates, who hate democracy, and are so rich in all the means of showing off his manifold deficiencies.

Mr. Patterson, the Master of the Mint, has opened a correspondence with me on the subject of the coinage. He seems aware that at present the coins are very bad specimens of art, and I have some hopes of doing a little good there. A leading feature in my designs will be that one side of each coin is to be devoted to stating, in full Roman letters, what the value of the coin is. I shall leave out the Liberty altogether.

Since writing the above I hear that Mr. Wise has been rejected by the Senate. He no doubt will be disappointed, but he is a lucky fellow.

The state of public matters, though neither comfortable nor handsome, promises well. It is foolish to suppose the world is getting cold because our own pot does not boil.

All the old stagers are used up; they cannot get up another humbug of log-cabins, and as for hard cider, I suspect they'll be obliged to make it their constant drink. Yours, HORATIO G.

PHILADELPHIA, May 4, 1843.

DEAR HARRY, — We are at Wilmington, Del., and shall remain there till the pedestal is about to come on. We left Washington partly because we had seen enough of it for the present, and partly for the sake of economy and the sight of green things.

I came hither this morning that I might see the Exhibition, and shall return this afternoon. I find the Exhibition meagre and paltry in the extreme. What little youth and steam are here are exerted in imitation of English offhand style. Sully is weak and cold, falling to the ground between Sir Thomas Lawrence and Horace Vernet. These great marts of Philadelphia and New York are death to art. It is comical to see the Academy, and compare the temple of Art with the shop of a milliner or the office of a broker. These last are substantial and handsome.

I shall not succeed in effecting anything for the Mint. They throw the *law* in my face. I will not design Liberty for a coin. I will have nothing to do with Liberty. One might as well try to embody the idea of neutrality. I gave several designs, but they said, though beautiful, they were open to cavil ; what is not ?

I met Rogers, from Marseilles, this morning, and shall dine with him.

I had nearly a quarrel this morning on board the boat with a fellow who insisted upon my drinking with him. He declared that if I would not drink I should raise a glass of something to my lips, that he might have the pleasure of paying for it. He looked like a cross between an Irishman and a Swiss. An Irish youth, also, wished to make me believe that he was a distant relation of mine. I gave him something to buy a dinner, as he declared he had no way of getting a living but by dyeing, and that there was no work to be had.

It is clear to me that the country will recover its health and keep it, provided you can keep to the hard-money plan.

The President is rabid to be re-elected. Irish in every direction. "Is the President

at home?" "Ay, sir, and that he is!" I regard him as a very well-meaning man, but —

WILMINGTON, May 12, 1843.

I have just received yours, and am satisfied to have the letters of which you give an example, as the others are not feasible. The Roman letters upon the Pantheon are my preference; however, I am satisfied.

If I succeed in placing my Washington in a good light, I may dissolve my connection with the Government. I have enjoyed as much as any artist ever enjoyed, in my profession, and I don't mean to hold on till emulation, envy, and all uncharitableness shall have spoiled me.

How lovely are the plains of this region, — the verdure, the quiet, the up-going and down-floating sloops and brigs without number! My heart will always yearn after America.

We have just come out of a four days' easterly storm, which has poisoned me like so much nightshade.

Yours,

HORATIO GREENOUGH.



WILMINGTON, July 8, 1843.

DEAR HARRY, — The letter you sent on was from Fenimore Cooper, who has just heard of my being in the country, and inviting me to Cooperstown, declines to take no for an answer.

The head which Mrs. Bartol received is the Abdiel enlarged. If she will look at the close of the fifth book of the "Paradise Lost" she will find the moment represented. He is threatening Satan as he turns to leave the rebel host. I consider my head of Satan my highest effort in that line. If you are ever near where the Gibbs monument is, go to see it. There is nothing like it in the country.

Binda, Italian consul at Leghorn, is a gentlemanly person, of a very distinguished family and connections. If he is still in Boston, pray take him to the Cambridge Library to see a manuscript vellum from the family of our common friend the Marquis Boccella, of Lucca, and ask him if he knows about it. Binda is a bibliophile.

I dined with George Douglas, Monday.

I want to see no better men than the mechanics of this country; they have high notions of honor, and no pretension. My

carpenter and mason are men I shall always remember with sincere respect.

I was at Bryant's, on Long Island, on Sunday. Oh, the beautiful land! I saw bobolinks and fiery hangbirds rain gold among the green boughs; I lay on the velvet knolls and saw the snowball swing and nod in the breeze. It was all glorious. In the pond I saw bream with his jewelled flank keeping his parlor clean and swimming tilt against the other fish when they seemed inclined to bother. I shall come and see you soon, if you don't come to me.

Yours,

HORATIO.

LIVERPOOL, CLAYTON SQUARE, July 29, 1843.

DEAR HARRY, — We have been three days here, and are convinced of the superiority of steamers to sailing-ships, during the summer months at least. Not only have we escaped seasickness, but I can say without exaggeration that except for the inconvenience of a numerous company, and the stinted space afforded by our state-rooms, we have been, as it were, in an agreeable hotel. You, who know sea life only as a sailor, can scarcely form an idea of the comfort of the "Great Western."

No leaning to leeward, no ship odors, no thumping of blocks, etc. The responses of the waiters and the popping of champagne corks are the only noises that call your attention. At night, the handsome saloon, brilliantly lighted and filled with parties of whist, chess, and backgammon, presents a scene of gayety seldom seen on shore. The passengers were many,—not one a previous acquaintance. We found pleasant society in the widow and daughter of a British naval officer related to Lord Morpeth, holding much real estate in America.

I find the Lawrences in Liverpool. They had a hard time of it, truly, and have seen more danger and hardship in their last trip than I have done in all my voyages put together. They showed me King's profile of Allston, which I had before seen, but which moved me much at this time. I wrote to Mr. Quincy before leaving New York, to beg him to use his influence to prevent any tampering with the works Allston has left. I intend to write to F. C. Gray on the same subject. This is all I can do ; and I forgot even his loss in this tribute to his works.

This town has agreeably surprised us.

We find it well laid out, streets broad and paved, the style of building good for the country, and the weather passable. The sky has a sort of revolutionary aspect almost constantly, and the light, by passing through the coal-smoke, gets a ghastly, "last day" tinge, which requires, as Willis used to say of one of our lady friends, "that you should get accustomed to its style of beauty."

It is curious to observe the contrast of the population in coming from the United States. The mass have here a kind of groomed neatness which seems to be the result of police interference,—an expression of respectable servitude, large feet, and other marks of long-descended inferiority. So tight-packed and machine-like are things and people, that when I see a boy play, or other spontaneous movement of the moral creature, it strikes me as queerly as if an old clicking family clock were to strike up "Yankee Doodle."

The market is a famous one,—a model both for structure and arrangement,—high, airy, broad; every variety of meats, fish, and vegetables; fruit of excellent flavor; salmon and soles in plenty. I have tried to drink their malt liquors,—poor trash;

no substitute for claret or *aleatico*. This is the county from whence our ancestors came. Love to all.      HORATIO.

CHELTENHAM, Aug. 16, 1843.

MY DEAR HARRY,— While at Liverpool we heard that the Calverts were at Great Malvern, and exchanged letters with them. They gave such an attractive picture of that place that we made a detour from Birmingham to see them and the famous Malvern Hills and Wells. These were thought to have a miraculous effect in old times, and were holy wells. They are merely springs in the hillside, and are fitted up with a little well-house each, adjoining which is a cottage where the persons who have the care of them live. Modern science has shown that the water is merely the purest in England, and hence the choice of this village as the seat of a *wasser kur* establishment. The place is full of folk going through the treatment ; and I can tell them as soon as I put my eye on them, by their clean skins, clear eyes, and elastic, wholesome look. How far a rigid diet and many miles of hill-climbing are to be credited for this I cannot venture to say.

I was a little satiated with country-seats, parks, hedgerows, villages, snug cottages, and all manner of artificial picturesqueness, so I saw these hills with pleasure ; for though their sides are studded with villas, yet there is a point where the walks cease to be trimmed and gravelled, where nothing grows but a sort of Turkey carpet turf, where the rock here and there eats itself through the green, where the silly sheep stand and chew the cud and look at the fog below, seeing nothing but what might have been in the time of Julius Cæsar, though the chat and laugh of the bathers reaches them a little, and the jingle of harnesses and the crack of whips now and then seem hard at hand.

When the fog blows away, as it did last Sunday, you see fifty miles in every direction, and the contrast of the luxury and civilization all around you makes the hill doubly wild. For me, I threw myself down on the bank and rolled over on the turf in pure delight ; looking at the sheep, and now and then at some big, glossy crow that walked perking along within a stone's-cast of me, so bright that he seemed to have on a steel breastplate.

Here are miles of liberty. No man-traps and spring-guns, no innumerable cautions printed on the fences and nailed on the trees. Accordingly, down in the gorge, upon a green plateau sheltered from gaze of beadle, behold a gypsy palace, a cart, with a rag tent appended, and pots and pans lying about ; a thread of smoke goes up, to tell that "ravens must have food," while master donkey takes his ease at a little distance, joining other donkeys and flourishing his ears as he crops the greenest grass, where the rain has lain in hollows, — easily recognized, because he is ragged and has patches of bare hide.

Here come parties on donkeys and on foot, and in miniature sulkies drawn by men and boys. Lie still, and you will hear enough to convince you they have brought some English slang with them. The young ones all look fresh and pretty, the middle-aged practical, the old forbidding and crabbed. Now come gently down ; and as the rough path becomes gradually a walk, then an ornamented footway, observe the walkers thicken, and stop at the well, crowded with sulkies and donkeys about the neat paling of the woodbine-clad cottage. Bless

us! what a pomp of hollyhocks, what a blaze of poppies and marigolds from those twelve square feet of garden! A large shell receives the water as it gushes from the pipe. Clean woman, with eyes like a haddock, hands tumblers. The people here are as hungry as kites.

HORATIO.

HEREFORDSHIRE, August, 1843.

DEAR HENRY,—I cannot stop to tell you how we came here, but here we are at Castnor Castle in Herefordshire. Before us is a sheet of water, crescent shaped, swans sailing in the sun, green knolls like cushions of velvet, a flourish of trees that just leaves clear and open the immense turreted and solid stone castle. Ocean of park forest behind, dogs bark, and troops of deer bound out and stand on the lawn. The gray towers look warlike, but the saloon windows, opened down to the grass, let the eye in, to run over velvet and gold, musical instruments and pictures. All very solid, but too smooth and new for the real old castle. Drive through the park, nearly two miles; deer by hundred. Big buck stands within thirty feet of the carriage, looks very wild, horns not fully formed, as



if you could cut them like cheese. Calvert's little terrier looks at him through the wheels and whimpers, trembling as if in an ague. His master scolds. No use; he crouches and springs.

Ha! the buck bolts, makes a clean sweep across the carriage-way and runs down the hillside (terrier after him), throwing his legs with an even spring, unlike any quadruped motion I ever saw.

Voice heard in cover, half a mile off; kennel near. Dogs all hear the news and set up a noise that sounds like hell-hounds broke loose. We drive off in despair, after whistling our mouths dry. Open space in the park, distant view. Big piles of clouds rise in the sunlight beyond. Castle very fine now, stern and grand.

I saw at this castle a portrait of a race-horse, with a splendid oak frame carved by Gibbons. The fruit and dead game not equal to the best Florentine at all, but fine, rich in composition, and very true in detail.

As we drive along, hares and pheasants heave in sight. Coachman, to me who sit smoking by his side: "This is not a bad place to bring a gun in a fly, for a feller as wants a brace o' leverets."

I, looking at him: "Think so?"

Coachman, turning his eyes on me: "I've known them as has done such things afore now. Hello, here comes my lord!" Rumble, rumble, jingle, jingle! four bright horses, postilions and all in cap-a-pie order, low easy barouche, varnished, and as fine as leather, brass, wood, and iron can be.

PARIS, 26th.

I have been in hopes to hear from you. We start to-day for Munich and Milan to Florence. We are more and more satisfied with the results of the water-cure.

FLORENCE, Feb. 5, 1844.

I cannot tell you, dear Harry, how pleased I was to hear that you were appointed to do the touching up and cleaning of Allston's great picture. How I wish you could go to Munich and see the encaustic painting of Schnorr. Sir Peter Benvenuti has gone to his last home, and there has been a flood of wax-light over the streets this evening. He leaves over a hundred thousand crowns and a mediocre name. Bartolini will probably be his successor.

Yours, HORATIO.

## ALLSTON'S BELSHAZZAR.

*R. H. Dana to Henry Greenough.*

NOV. 11, 1843.

MY DEAR SIR,—Towards the close of Mr. Allston's life I believe you saw a good deal of him, and knowing your high estimation of his genius, I have thought it possible that you may have by you some memoranda of many things that fell from him in the course of your conversations with him. I should feel myself under great obligations to you, and should esteem it no slight addition to the favor, if you would give me your views of the mind and works of this great and good man. I received a letter from your brother a few days since. I would not trouble him with a reply; but make the request that when any one of your family shall next write, he may be told what a comfort it was to me.

With very sincere regard, dear Sir, yours,

RICHARD H. DANA.

This request was complied with ; but the life of Allston, for which these reminiscences were intended, was not published. Mr. Dana also desired Henry Greenough to prepare "The Feast of Belshazzar" for exhibition, and to inform the public of where the artist had carried out his ideas ; and where something was left to the imagination. Some articles by him were printed in the "Morning Post" on the coloring and composition of the picture, which, as will be seen by the following letters, were appreciated by Mr. Dana. Some short extracts from these criticisms may remind those who frequent the Art Museum that there is a great deal in this last work of our greatest painter that is worth studying.

"In speaking of the picture," writes Mr. Greenough, "we would be understood as often making allowances and taking for granted effects which are plainly indicated as forming a part of the artist's design, though left incomplete. This is not only justice to the painter, but is absolutely necessary to a full appreciation of the picture. It is particularly so with regard to the group of soothsayers, where parts of

the old and new design standing together produce discrepancies which require no little skill and judgment to reconcile.

"Had it been permitted the artist to have exhibited this work finished and fresh from his hand, how different would have been its effect upon the public! Many of the beauties which are only seen in embryo, or are coldly acknowledged when pointed out, would have forced enthusiastic admiration from the most lukewarm observer.

"As an historical illustration, we find the composition in strict accord with the text. The time, the scene, and the incident are rendered with a religious adherence to truth. Here are no poetical licenses taken for effect's sake, although there is scarcely a subject treated by the most eminent masters where this has not been done to a greater or less extent. This very subject, for instance, has been painted by Martin, and with his usual success. Having chosen it, however, to indulge in his favorite display of architectural perspective, he was obliged to sacrifice the truth of his representation to this effect. The feast painted by him, instead

of being held in the banqueting hall of the king's palace, is represented in the court or open space between the rows of buildings composing the palace. The handwriting, which is described as having appeared on the plaster of the wall, is extended in colossal characters along an enormous frieze.

"To whatever part of the picture we direct our attention, we find in Allston's composition the same truth of delineation. We see the luxurious king, whose knees smote one another with fear and trembling; the fearless queen, who bade her lord not to be dismayed; and the princes, who were astonished. Daniel (the principal figure) stands, the calm and passive recipient of divine wisdom. The monumental form of the prophet, like a light-house around which the waves are breaking, is as appropriate to his character as it is fitted to the design. His elevated hand pointing towards the writing shows him to be not only the recipient but the *transmitter* of the divine will."

*R. H. Dana to Henry Greenough.*

BEVERLY, July 31, 1844.

DEAR SIR, — I cannot let a moment go by without telling you how much pleasure both your first and second numbers have given me.

Do not fear being too long. Remember that you are instructing our good and all-knowing people. Now, people who know everything are the hardest people to teach anything to. Notwithstanding the unfinished state of the picture, its perspective is criticised as if it were completed. Will it not be best to go on explaining without appearing to have heard any fault-finding; that is to say, just in the manner in which you have written these two numbers? I am sure you must interest all who are worth regarding, and I pray you have no fear of being tedious. Of all Mr. Allston's friends, Leslie and yourself are almost the only persons who have put themselves to any trouble for me; let me rather say for *him*.

In haste, yours,

R. H. DANA.

AUGUST 7, 1844.

DEAR SIR, — A few days after my note to you, came a letter from your brother. He writes with that same admiring love with which he has always expressed himself of Allston; nor does it seem as if his mind could even now turn towards him without the reviving of that sorrow which he felt when first hearing of his death. I could not read his letter without being deeply moved. What little he says only makes my regret the greater that he has not said more. The roughest memoranda of recollections, mere hints of opinions, anything from him would have been most valuable; but the feeling that has prevented it is one with which a stranger should not meddle. I say *stranger*; for every man who is indeed a man has some one feeling at heart in respect to which no other man, however near to him, but must be a stranger. It certainly would not become me to press him further.

Your purpose in writing for artists is the true one. Every mind that descends from its right sphere under the notion "of doing good" (I hate the cant) to those beneath it, only weakens its own strength without



imparting strength to others. Let every man speak in the voice that God has given him, and let those who have ears to hear him, hear! Those who have not, may have ears to hear those who have learned of him, and so down in the order of Heaven.

I was very much interested in your articles, and felt as if I wanted to read on still, when I came to the close. I was asking for more detail for my own instruction, as well as for a help to others; I mean for those who have feeling and capability.

A son laboring for a mother is about a good work; but I pray you find time out of that and your other engagements to go on with that which is for the dead, or, through him, for those who are yet to live.

Are there copies of the "Post" to be had? The proprietors of the picture and some few of our leading men ought to see your numbers, as they would help to forward any plan for a home for the work.

Don't talk about being laconic. While a man writes *thought* he is laconic, be he ever so long.

Very sincerely yours,

RICHARD H. DANA.

FLORENCE, Feb. 28, 1844.

DEAR HARRY, — Yours of the 1st reached me this morning and amused me very much. What you say of the Venus is all true, and I can do better now, as I will show. I have begun Perkins's dog, and have had the very deuce of a time for want of a model. Madame Catalani's is dead and buried, and that of the Grand Duke dead and stuffed, and I don't know which is most entirely out of my line. I am going to send to Paris for a good lithograph, which, with a St. Bernard specimen, must answer.

The winter is pretty well over; it has been a sickly one, — full of colds and *grippe*, — but we have passed it without a headache. Imagine my delight, who thought I was made with an inherent necessity for periodical winter catarrhs and pocket handkerchiefs! This, then, is no fetich, no humbug, no nine days' wonder. Eureka! We abstain from tea, coffee, wine, and spices. We have walked just six hundred miles since our arrival. Now, six hundred miles in a man, or out of him, must make a difference. Tell mother she has many miles in her which must be gotten out before cucumber time!

I am more and more pleased with the mixture for modelling I invented in the autumn, and have nearly done a statue six feet high. It will be the best finished of my works. I have almost completed a pedestal for Mr. John Lowell's statue, which I shall send in the spring. I shall also forward the bust of Emily Otis, which I feel in despair of satisfying Mr. Otis with, and only to show I have tried. I hope he will not make an exhibition of it.

Some English friends have sent us Prescott's "*Conquest of Mexico*," which forms our actual delight.

We have been to Court and to Lord Holland's, but the Mournieffs are our staple. We heard Prince Louis Napoleon ask some young ladies the other evening, "*Combien de Napoléons voulez-vous me parier?*" An old Englishman asked me, at a party in an English house, "When will America pay her debts?" I answered, "As soon as she can get the better of some Oriental nation in an opium quarrel."

I have this day bought a travelling britzka, with seven trunks, dickies, and all the et-ceteras, built expressly for an Englishman

for travelling. He made the journey from Vienna hither, and now parts with it for \$300, having given \$500. In this said carriage we propose going to Graefenberg in the month of April, that I may see for myself the water-cure there, and take a look at Austria.

Della Porta has made a splendid portrait of the Archduchess who is about to be married to a son of the King of Bavaria.

I am far advanced in a statue of David done in my new modelling material.

Why can't you come here and live? If not, I shall have to go to you.

Yours, HORATIO.

VIENNA, April 13, 1844.

MY DEAR HARRY,— We are come thus far on our way to Graefenberg, and have enjoyed the journey very much. To our surprise we have found it quite as comfortable here at this early season as it was in Tuscany when we left. The scenery from Villach is beautiful, varied, rich, and picturesque to a high degree. The obscure analogy of the people and their ways to our own Anglo-Saxon folk is very inter-

esting. I often had a dreamy sense of having lived there myself.

We arrived the day before the funeral of Prince Hohenzollern, and I was invited by a lady whom I had known at Florence (a *dame d'honneur* to the Empress) to see the pageant. To describe this to you would be quite useless, you care so little about shows.

I have had the satisfaction of seeing the coins of Benvenuto Cellini, struck during the pontificate of Clement VII. They are beautiful as works of art, but have nothing of the neat and showy exactness of modern coins. To-morrow I am to see his famous salt-cellar.

This capital has surprised me with its magnificence. It cannot compare with Paris in spots, but the *ensemble* surpasses all other capitals I have seen. The cleanliness and order are not confined to the more prominent parts. The pavement is scrupulously nice, the population well dressed, cheerful, and polite beyond those of other countries. This government acts up to its doctrine. It does its work thoroughly and sweetens it as much as possible. They are alike free from the

aristocratic haughtiness of England and the saucy, would-be *égalité* of France. They say there is no love without hope, and so I suppose these good people do not love liberty.

The reigning family and the higher orders are hedged about by privilege, state, and title, and they make those who enter their sphere "toe the mark ;" but then again, when they appear in public they are all affability and simplicity. This is philosophic, and the sort of military view taken of life sweetens subordination to all classes.

To me, such a state of things is entirely new. Do you ask me how I like it ? I answer that I cannot but congratulate this people upon their government, judging it by the fruits for them ; but how they bear it is to me a mystery. I believe that we found our institutions upon hope, they upon experience. We hoist the sail and are seasick ; they anchor and dance.

We shall remain at Graefenberg at least until May ; then where, depends on circumstances. I have arrived at that age when *nil admirari* is easy, and when I can take my lot, whatever it be, with a tolerably easy mind.

If I were near you, I could amuse you by telling you some experiences I have had here, and could show you clearly (what theory must have long since taught you) that the *fonds* of human nature is everywhere the same; and that the drilled Austrian, as he marches through life, quick pace or slow, right wheel or left, by word of command, is but another development of our fellow American.

Mr. Jenifer, the American Minister, has overwhelmed us with attentions. He is in good humor with his situation, and the Court is equally well disposed towards him. I can easily foresee that the life he leads here must ill prepare him for living once more at home. There is a difference between walking through the highest trees, where *there is a path*, and getting through brushwood without one, which a man's shins and eyes soon find out after he has tried it.

My wife desires me to thank you for your beautiful copy of her father's portrait, which she prefers to the original by Trumbull, that being stiff and hard.

Yours,

HORATIO.

Henry Greenough also had the pleasure of gratifying a valued English friend by copying Stuart Newton's portrait of Mr. Sam Appleton. He found more artistic work and companionship in Boston than he had anticipated, and always felt greatly indebted to his three years in Italy for giving him interesting occupation outside of business hours.

About this time he was sent to New York to select pictures for the Athenæum Gallery.

His intimacy with Allston was a weekly source of happiness, as he generally spent his Saturday evenings at Cambridgeport with him. Sometimes, by Allston's request, he took young Joseph Ames with him, to share in the benefit of the older artist's conversation, as Allston had a great admiration for the rich coloring of this self-taught genius.

*To Henry Greenough, Esq.*

MY DEAR GREENOUGH,—I write these few lines, fearing my letter has shared the fate of others to Messrs. Appleton, Cushing, and Grattan. The steamer brought safely the American gentleman you so



nicely introduced to us; and be assured that friend will occupy the same position in our house the original does in our hearts.

I cannot express half I feel in the presence of what I had so long wished for; and the manner in which you have presented this picture has lightened the load of scruples I have been troubled with.

Have you cooled down since the election? But you are not, as I recollect, a red-hot Whig. If Van Buren had been re-elected, the disappointment would have been beyond Whig endurance. If I can serve you in this "Box of Wonders," as Tom Appleton once said of England, command me fully and freely.

One more word for the portrait. Newton is entirely preserved; but I fancy you have poured into this picture, through your intercourse with Mr. Appleton, much of his present appearance, which I value.

Dear Greenough, faithfully yours,

W. G. H.

## STATUE OF WASHINGTON.

VIENNA, Aug. 31, 1844.

MY DEAR HARRY, — I left my family at Graefenberg a day or two since, and am here to make provision of books, etc., for the next three months. Fortunately there is a railroad from Olmutz, so that one can easily go back and forth.

This city is very attractive at the present season. There is a sort of analogy to our own country and to England, which pleases me. I have seen no weather too warm for woollen clothes. The sky is almost always laden with great gray fleeces, breezy and dry. To-day the kites were as numerous as you ever saw them on Boston Common.

I went to hear the chanted Mass at St. Charles's, where the church music is said to be the finest in Europe. I could hardly believe I was in a Christian temple. The organ was helped by a band, and the choir

composed of admirable voices. The audience — almost all ladies — in the most coquettish of toilettes, and the vault decorated with nude angels; while the walls were covered with marbles, pictures, and gilding. I confess I expected the priest to cry out an invocation to Venus. However, in its way it was very fine.

Do you know the Cathedral of Vienna by the prints? It is magnificent, — more solemn and grand than that of Strasburg. I stood looking at the spire the other day, spindling aloft, openworked and rich, almost like a great stone cypress, when a huge hawk dashed upon a snow-white dove on the battlements. He was so high that one could just see the movement of his murderous head. The feathers flew like snowflakes, and floated wheeling and whirling to leeward, — first small ones, and then the larger quills. When the rascal had done this he quietly sailed away with the carcass.

This town is clean and well paved, and impresses a stranger very much, with the imposing avenues, the huge public establishments, and the evidences of a great metropolis. The houses are not nice in-

side. The government broom cannot reach beyond the front door, and the people are not neat in Germany, — at least, not here.

It is said there is a weekly flogging administered to soldiers for infractions of discipline. They walk the gantlet through a file of fifty men on each side all armed with a small sapling. I want to make sure this is true, — not that I could look on through such an infliction ! I have seen here some of the most original physiognomies, — a strange *agro dolce*, arising from the combination of a fresh culture and luxurious life grafted on a vigorous, coarse, and savage stock.

The gallery has a beautiful Pordenone, a Leonardo, and some tolerable specimens of Venetian art. The Flemish and Dutch departments are rich ; but on the whole the collection will not compare with even the second-rate galleries of Bologna or the Brera at Milan. The monuments are below mediocrity, the architecture rococo. The cooking is admirable ; the puddings and pies all that one could desire, the fruits delicious. Smoking is universal, and the language infernal.

I suppose there is now little hope of a remittance from Government. I must suffer and do my best. Love to all the family.

HORATIO.

[COPY.]

GRAEFENBERG, Nov. 26, 1844.

ROBERT C. WINTHROP, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR, — I owe you many thanks for your kind remembrance of me in the midst of your numerous and engrossing occupations. I have just received a letter from a friend, speaking of a conversation with you respecting the statue of Washington, and he urges me to communicate with you about the transfer of that work to the eastern front of the Capitol, — precisely to the spot occupied by the Naval Monument.

I will endeavor to speak as briefly as I can. That statue was designed for the interior of a building, and not for the open air. Had I been ordered to make a statue for a square or other similar situation at the metropolis, I should have represented Washington on horseback, and in his usual dress, and have made my work purely a historical one. I have treated the subject

poetically, and I confess I should feel pain at seeing it placed in direct and flagrant contrast with every-day life. Moreover, I modelled the figure without reference to an exposure to rain and frost ; so there are many parts of the statue where water would collect and soon disintegrate and rot the stone, if it did not by freezing split off large fragments of the drapery, which, indeed, it would be almost sure to do.

If the statue must be uncovered, I beg leave to say that I by far prefer its actual site to any other in the public grounds. I think it would perish in the open air, but I prefer its perishing where it stands. On the site of the Naval Monument it would be seen to disadvantage from the walk below, and would show most unhappily from the stairs above ; besides, that such a place seems to me ill adapted to a representation of Washington. It is a *subordinate* place.

In order to show you, my dear sir, how far we are from consistency in relation to expenditures of this kind, I beg you to reflect on the amount expended by Government on colonnades, — mere displays of the pomp of straight shafts of stone. Compare

these with the sums voted for art, and you will see how far we are from economy on the one side and true architectural beauty on the other. I do not wish to disparage the public buildings, but I have travelled much, and I know of no capital where larger amounts have been spent with less effect.

The Capitol, with all its faults, is imposing, and the Post-Office is beautiful. I wish to show only that we have learned to vote columns to the tune of hundreds of thousands, while statues seem to us useless luxuries.

Look, I pray you, at the Girard College ! I could scarcely believe my eyes when I saw so stupendous a display of material and workmanship covering a few Quaker-looking square rooms. It was like seeing the Pitt diamond on an Indian squaw.

We must not, however, despair. When the literature of the country shall have cut the cord which stretches three thousand miles, when we shall have a theatre of our own, when, in a word, we shall be socially independent of Europe, I am not without a hope that pencils and chisels will be ready to echo in color and marble every

noble cry of the American voice. Believe me respectfully yours,

HORATIO GREENOUGH.

The reasons given by the sculptor for his classical treatment of the statue of Washington, and for his desire to have it placed where it would be seen to the best advantage, were to the cultivated man of travel convincing; but the larger number of spectators found it unsatisfactory. Two of its most ardent admirers wrote earnestly in its defence,—the Hon. Alexander Everett and Mr. Calvert. A few extracts will show what true, artistic views they took of the work. The former writes :—

“Greenough’s great work has surpassed my expectations, high as they were. It is truly sublime. The statue is of colossal grandeur. . . .

“In the reversed sword the design of the artist was of course to indicate the ascendancy of the civic and humane over the military virtues, which distinguished the whole career of Washington and which form the great glory of his character. . . .

“To preserve the costume of the period, already out of fashion, would have been



unsuitable for effect in sculpture. The colossal size, the antique drapery, the more youthful air of the face are circumstances which, without materially impairing the truth to Nature, increase very much the moral impression, and instead of furnishing grounds of objection, are positive merits of high importance."

The long and eloquent article from which we quote ends with a suggestion full of wisdom and good taste. "If, as has been suggested, the patrimonial estate of Washington at Mount Vernon should ever be purchased by the country and a public building erected there to serve as a National Mausoleum, or Western Westminster Abbey, this statue would become its principal ornament. But this is probably reserved for the liberality of some future generation."

In a letter from Edward Everett occurs this eulogium, which, considering its source, must be called valuable: "I regard Greenough's Washington as one of the greatest works of sculpture of modern times. I do not know the work which can justly be preferred to it, whether we consider the purity of the taste, the loftiness of the conception,

the truth of the character, or, what we must own we feel less able to judge of, accuracy of anatomical study and mechanical skill."

I must confine myself to some short extracts from Mr. Calvert's able vindication of the manner in which the statue is draped :

"The purity and elevation of Washington's nature were the basis of his success. If the artist clothes him with the toga of civil authority, he represents the great statesman ; if with uniform and spurs, the great general. Representing him in either of these characters, he gives preference to the one over the other, and his image of Washington is incomplete, for he was both ; but he was more than both,—a truly great man in whom statesmanship and generalship were subordinate to nobleness of mind and moral power. To invest the colossal image of so towering, so everlasting a man with the insignia of temporary office is to fail in presenting a complete image of him. . . .

"That Greenough's fellow-countrymen, by whose order this statue was made, would have preferred it clothed, ought to

be of no weight, even if such a wish had accompanied the order. To the true artist the laws of art are supreme, nor can he, by stooping to uncultivated tastes, popularize art. But by presenting it to the general gaze in its severe simplicity and thus, through grandeur and beauty of form, lifting the beholder up into the ideal region of art, — by this means he can popularize it. . . .

“This attempt to justify Greenough’s work by no means implies a condemnation of other conceptions for a statue of Washington. A colossal statue but partially draped, in a posture of repose and authority, seems to me the most elevated and appropriate. Artists have still scope for a figure draped in military or civil costume, on horseback or standing. Only this representation of Washington will not be so high and complete as the other.”

FREIWALDAU, April, 1845.

MY DEAR HENRY, — I have learned your resolution to come abroad with sincere pleasure. What you say about the group is just what my wife says, and I shall follow the advice for your sakes, not mine.

Let the men who find their account in pocketing indignity, do so. I can conceive of duties and rights only as inseparable, and I know that I have not had mine. I care not for the money so much, as I can live on what I earn, and as for fame, I have had my share.

Yours,

HORATIO.

## SKETCH OF PRIESSNITZ.

IN 1845 Henry Greenough, finding he could leave America for a few years, yielded to the solicitations of his brother and his own wishes, and sailed for Italy with his family in the "Stamboul," owned by his friend Mr. Iasigi, who was going in her to Smyrna. This mode of transportation, convenient in many respects, had its disadvantages for those who did not like the sea. Three weeks of monotony, head winds, and sickness, — a monotony varied only by the usual sight of porpoises, whales, and grampus, and the unusual one of a dolphin expiring in glory on the deck.

As we neared the Spanish coast, sailing into smooth waters, berths were deserted, and every one gazed with the liveliest interest on the Andalusian vineyards, light-houses, and picturesque ruins. Presently the outline of the Barbary shore was observed, and we felt the newness and strangeness of the neighborhood; for it

seemed wonderful that the narrow sea-division could bear us over from countries filled with the refinement and art of ages to one colonized at its extremities, with its centre an unsolved enigma.

Even now, in spite of the enterprise displayed by Livingston, Speke, Grant, Baker, and many others, there seems so large a field for future discoverers that all interested in the cause of scientific research must echo the last words of Marmion,—  
“On, Stanley, on !”

Gibraltar was not much known at that time ; to us it was like a beautiful dream.

The living mosaic we passed, after entering the gates, of white-turbaned Moors, red-fezzed Algerines, plumed Highlanders, and jet-black Nubians, set in tropical vegetation, created an entirely new sensation. This dazzling wealth of form and color flashed upon us in kaleidoscopic variety as we drove to Point Europe.

Five thousand Highland and English soldiers formed the garrison. They looked so gay in their uniforms, and their surroundings were so luxuriant, that to our superficial observation their life seemed not an unpleasant one ; we were told,

however, that the smallness of the place, and the confined quarters of the men, converted Gibraltar into a prison. Homesickness of a distressing kind was a common disease, and many of the officers wearied of the routine. Two of the privates made an effort to escape the night we arrived. While we were enchanted with the novelty of the scene, they were endeavoring to run away from the odious sameness of their existence. They let themselves down by ropes on the uninhabited side (a sheer descent) into the clefts of the rock at the risk of their lives. The boat they expected failed them; they were discovered in the morning, and brought back to punishment and a renewal of their irksome duties.

The defence of Gibraltar is certainly one of the wonders of history, and though by no means the most important of English possessions, must on that account be prized. Napoleon disputed the importance of it. He said to O'Meara at St. Helena, "I know not why you set so great a value on Gibraltar. It has a bad harbor, and costs an enormous sum of money. From it a fleet cannot be prevented from

entering the Mediterranean. When I was sovereign of France I would much rather have seen Gibraltar in the hands of the English than the Spaniards, because their having possession of it always fed the hatred of the Spaniards for them."

At nightfall our paradise had to be left, and the Mediterranean did not rock us like a tender mother. In ten days we were in the beautiful bay of Malta. One of the specialties of this city attracted us very much, — the exquisite copies of antique vases and tripods, in which the artistic merit of the design is perfectly rendered in the soft cream-colored stone of the rock on which the town is built.

Malta is one of the gateways of the East; and we, unable to penetrate farther in that direction, thought ourselves fortunate in having an Arabian Night's entertainment on board the French steamer in which we took passage to Leghorn. A family of wealthy Orientals were on their way to Paris to consult physicians for an elderly invalid Egyptian. His Arab priest, Cairene doctor (who spoke Italian), Nubian slaves, his sister, and young wife accompanied him. This last satisfied the ro-



mantic fancies of our youth, being the concentrated essence of all the Lalla Rookhs, Fatimas, Zuleikas, and Gulnares. Her natural endowments were — large, dark, soft eyes, raven hair, fair skin, regular features, beautiful hands, and graceful figure. Her artificial aids were blue silk, muslin and lace drapery, and a veil kept in place by uncut emeralds of great size and brilliancy. She not only illustrated Moore and Byron, but contradicted Thomson, who asserts that

“ Loveliness needs not the foreign aid of ornament,  
But is, when unadorned, adorned the most.”

After a winter in Florence, Horatio Greenough persuaded his brother to accompany him to Graefenberg in the spring, and on arriving there in April we felt he had a fatal gift of eloquence. Our rooms without carpets, stoves instead of fireplaces, and heavy rain for some days, made us regret Italy immensely. We felt inclined to shut our eyes to the dismal prospect, and our ears to the harsh language; but when the sun glorified the village and the mountains there was a great deal to enjoy. Breathing was a

luxury, and health our handmaid. In our rambles we met with a greater variety of wild flowers than we had ever seen anywhere.

After an eighteen months' stay we decided that we knew of no place where a family could spend a summer in a more invigorating climate, or among a more civil, honest peasantry, than in this mountain nook in Austrian Silesia.

Henry Greenough was as much impressed with the entire renovation of the system by the water-cure as his brother; they both had great respect for the character of Priessnitz, the founder of hydro-pathy. A common peasant, he had enjoyed few advantages of education. He was a shrewd observer, however; and as trifles reveal truths to men of observation, he saw that one of his cows whose leg had been broken and bandaged, after standing in the water recovered sooner than was expected. This induced him to try experiments with water upon wounds, and he found that it reduced the inflammation. Small-pox prevailed often in the village, and wet cloths laid on the face eased the anguish and patients were less

marked than those treated in the old way.

The next improvement was letting the air into fever-infected rooms. His practice increased rapidly. The situation of the town was peculiarly advantageous for the purpose. It lay at the foot of a high hill (Graefenberg), and on the summit, when he became wealthy enough, he built a large establishment. On the slopes of the hill were many cottages for those who preferred more privacy, and nearly all the houses in Freiwaldau served as lodging-houses.

The mountain streams were very abundant, so fresh and sparkling that they seemed almost as full of life as mineral waters, and the beautiful situations in which the marble basins into which they fell had been placed in shady woods, on hill-tops, or in cultivated gardens, made the exercise necessary to reach them a pleasure, and a draught after exercise most grateful.

Priessnitz thought mountains essential to the cure, as they induced climbing and insured pure water. Before we were there the establishment had gained great renown, and in the summer of 1847 there were

about 2,500 cure guests, most of them benefited and many permanently relieved.

There was nothing remarkable in this; for simple diet, pure air and water, and regular habits of exercise will always promote health. The remarkable part of it was the perseverance, energy, and ingenuity of the peasant who availed himself of these natural resources and built up an original system out of them.

He was of course complained of by regular practitioners, and no doubt made great mistakes, as he was uneducated and as the abuse of water (though less harmful than the abuse of drugs) creates some evils. He went on his way, however, and ruled his little empire with strictness and dignity. His manners were simple and abrupt. He had a good deal of dry humor, and any display of folly and vanity excited his sarcasm. On seeing a likeness of an American (who had made himself unwisely conspicuous) in his water-cure dress and fur cap, he smiled, and pointing to the latter, asked slyly, "But where are the long ears?"

He found amusements valuable aids in restoring a healthy state of mind and body, and encouraged shooting-matches, out-

door fêtes, dances,—ending at an early hour,—and bands of music.

Men who had unwisely tasked their brains and constitutions in the pursuit of wealth, learning, or pleasure became strong again by living simply. Women who had wasted their hours by a thoroughly artificial life, on arriving at Freiwaldau were told by the autocrat of the place to loosen their dresses, give their lungs fair play, and to rise early and breathe God's air instead of that which had been cooked by man's inventions of furnaces and gas into something deleterious. What at first seemed a hardship soon became a pleasure ; and on the winter mornings — the sun not risen, but near enough to the horizon to color the snow-capped summits of the neighboring mountains with rose and violet tints, the air keen, dry, and piercing — one could meet a great number of men, women, and children, most of them in red Russia leather boots (a specialty of Freiwaldau), and all with bright Bohemian glass tumblers or drinking-horns slung over their shoulders.

Ideas were exchanged in many languages, for there were assembled representatives of

nearly all European nations. Noblemen could be seen chopping wood, leaping, and jumping, to quicken their circulation, and high-born women sawing logs together with double-handed saws.

They took home healthy appetites for their bread and butter and fresh milk. Cooks were not wanting who could send up nice dishes from kitchens no larger than good-sized closets, and who saved one from the trouble of marketing. The market was a good one; deer were shot in the neighboring woods, hares were in great abundance, with a variety of game, and trout, brought from the neighboring mountain streams, were kept alive, glistening and flashing, in large tanks of water. Frogs were much esteemed, and strawberries were to be had from May to November.

Priessnitz always preserved the simplicity of living and hardihood of habits of his youth. Every afternoon (he devoted his mornings to his Graefenberg patients) he mounted a powerful black horse and rode down to the valley of Freiwaldau, where he expected to be consulted on the large square, serious illness alone inducing him to enter the houses.

He was as despotic in the government of his small domain as an Austrian naturally would be. No deviation from his rules of diet was allowed to pass unnoticed. All the bath servants were in his power, as his recommendation was necessary to their obtaining situations. They became a mild police, reporting refractory cure guests and their indulgence in coffee, tea, and other stimulants which were prohibited. Being a German, Priessnitz had not the heart to forbid the use of tobacco entirely, but recommended smoking in the open air as less harmful.

When his daughter was asked in marriage by a Hungarian count, being as independent as shrewd, he opposed the union. "Peasants should marry peasants," he said; but he yielded to her wishes, and as he had given her a good education and had become a celebrity himself, it was not an unsuitable connection.

This remarkable man died in 1851, and we have given a short sketch of him and of his native village, as it may explain the enthusiasm shown by Greenough in his letters for the climate and mode of life in this mountain region.

In the autumn of 1846 the sculptor left Freiwaldau with reluctance. He returned to Florence, taking Munich on his way, where he was much interested in Bavarian art.

MUNICH, Oct. 15, 1846.

MY DEAR HARRY,—By no means omit to see this town. The amount of art here is really surprising. We arrived a fortnight since, and have done nothing but feast our eyes. You will find an immense variety of buildings, public and private, and you must walk all through the town to enjoy them. I wish I had time to talk a little about some branches of painting here. You will find window painting carried farther than ever it was in its best days.

See also the colossal statue, now nearly finished, of Bavaria, fifty-four feet high! We go hence to-morrow or the next day for Innsbruck, Verona, Mantua, and Bologna.

I have bought a new book here called "The Secret of the Proportions, Attitudes, and Composition of the Ancients." It is geometrical and is curious,—highly so. I have made four compositions by it and



think there may be much in it. When you have made a free sketch of your designs, take your compasses, making a radius from the centre of the figure. Strike a circle and then follow it out by others, starting from the intersections, till you have covered the whole group, or figure, with a net of circles in faint pencil-marks, and you will see how they guide you for proportion, for lines, for spaces, and for balance.

Yours,                      HORATIO.

CASA BACCIOCHI, FLORENCE, Nov. 5, 1846.

MY DEAR HARRY, — We have been here now nearly a week, yet this is the first available moment I have had for writing. From Munich hither we came unpleasantly; to say the truth, it was as bad as it could well be, — mud and rain, mud and rain. The river Po was so deep on the road that we were forced to post through vineyards. I was wet to the skin in spite of an umbrella. We arrived well. Scarcely had we been forty-eight hours in this foggy valley when we both took cold. Nothing serious, however.

We found William [the coachman] at his post, and our dog Arno as large as life, but

twice as lean. The Marquis (a descendant of Bacciochi, the husband of Eliza Buonaparte) has beautified the entrance to the palace, cleaned the kitchen, and white-washed the stables.

Fanny Ellsler is here, and the city full of strangers. What was my surprise to see very smart omnibuses driving all over town! They seem to take, and are well filled; good horses and clean conductors. Building is going on everywhere.

I found my David as fresh as a rose. He looked as if I had only left him over night.

I confess to you that were I not tied here by my engagements I would willingly be elsewhere. The character of this town, after seeing the order, cleanliness, and comfort of Munich, to say nothing of living art, displeases me. Still, I am not blind to the *much* we have here; and, as I am bound, I try to think that I could not, on the whole, be better. You have perhaps had a cold snap by this time. Give me news of Tindall and the rest of the cure guests.

Your brother,

HORATIO.

FLORENCE, Dec. 17, 1846.

MY DEAR HARRY,—I got your letter this morning, and am glad to hear you are all well. I heard also from Ruspoli, who since he left Graefenberg has been on a wild-boar hunt, perfectly sound and strong. Can you not influence some of our friends in America to take exercise, live simply, and live on? Perhaps so, though regardless of Moses and the prophets.

I have sold two busts of my Christ, and should have found two more customers had they been unsold.

All goes on here as usual, except that it has been cold as Greenland; sleighing in the streets, and Florence looking like Vienna. You can't think how strange it was to see knubbly snow and shake slosh off one's shoes.

We have had lots of brother Yankees here and done the amiable by them, giving six or seven tea-parties.

Prince Jerome's eldest son has been slightly paralyzed, and inquiries have been made of me about his going to Graefenberg. I encouraged writing first. Dr. Gully has published a noble work on hydropathy. It

is worth all that has been said, and gives me a high idea of the man.

Calvert has published his impressions of travel, — "Thoughts and Scenes in Europe."

The Treasury is dry, and I suppose I shall continue to whistle for my money for some time to come.

Nichols the confectioner bounced into my studio the other day. He has been to Rome and talked twenty minutes with the Pope!

Yours, H. GREENOUGH.

PRATOLINO, May 1, 1847.

MY DEAR HARRY, — My words were not reported correctly. I said I should go to Graefenberg provided the family did not recover its strength. I make no doubt that as the heat increases they will be forced to go up higher. I shall go to Florence as soon as I can, and get to work. I am pretty well rid of my fever. I am not sorry you concluded to remain where it is cool, after allowing the season to advance so far, for the journey from the Alps to Florence would have been a roaster for you all. There is a sort of suction about Graefenberg which makes me unwilling to go there if I can help it, as I never knew

any one to get away at anything like the time he meant to. We had arranged everything for your arrival, and miss you all very much.

We have had a hard time, you may depend. I seriously doubt the prudence of living in Florence next winter. This fever, which has so scourged the city this year, has been regularly increasing since the inundation; before which it was not known in Tuscany. Now you know in Florence, if a man breaks his leg, they ring a big bell to please the gossips; but if a dangerous and fearful disorder rages, the Court goes to Poggio-a-Cajano, and no one speaks of it for fear strangers should avoid the city. The Government allows no word to be published of the danger, and the body of the people seem to imitate its policy by instinct. I begin to believe that the cholera was here, as elsewhere, only that it was hushed up.

Scott did his work at Vera Cruz very well,— uncommonly well; but I should not be surprised if he caught a Tartar on his way to Mexico. I believe Santa Anna to be a very wily foe.

Yours,

HORATIO.

PRATOLINO, June 23, 1847.

MY DEAR HARRY,— I got your letter from Freiwaldau, and was right glad to hear that amid such a press you are so well lodged. You will find great comfort and advantage in this long repose and cheerful, wholesome living. How strange, extravagant, and empirical an account of Graefenberg sounds at a distance! How rational, true, and satisfactory it is as you see it there, particularly in the only cases to which it is fairly applicable,— I mean acute attacks and slight derangement of the functions!

I take some little credit to myself for staying here in spite of a very strong desire to go away. I perfectly long for the sight of wooden roofs, spouting waters, sweet milk, rosy cheeks, blue eyes, and green meadows with a thread of cool, clear water running through them. All these longings come over me as I look at the baked hills, the fierce sunlight, and the hard-hearted stone villages.

I am surprised you do not mention Colonel Forbes's attempt at reforming Italy. I cannot understand how a man who has lived long here could pretend to

talk of missions. The Italian governments without exception are Catholic, and mean to remain so. Any attempt to interfere with the established religion of the land subjects its author to the action of the temporal arm. I confess I was not pleased with this.

I have finished the Genius for Giusti's (the poet's) monument.

If you have not read Lowell's poems, get them and read them for my sake.

Pray, as *you* are cool, let us hear all the news.

Madame S. no doubt followed her *little dabbling* in water last summer with a Vienna winter, hot rooms, and balls, with the thermometer twelve and fifteen degrees below zero !

That you may enjoy to the full that coolness so wanting here, and those strawberries here so expensive, is the prayer of

Yours,

HORATIO.

The following letter from an artist in Florence about this time shows that a longing for coolness was a most natural desire on the part of the sculptor.

FLORENCE, Aug. 3, 1847.

HENRY GREENOUGH, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR, — It is more than three weeks since I received your very interesting letter, and I should have replied to it sooner, but the weather has been so hot that I have found it utterly impossible to hold on to an idea long enough to transfer it to paper. Should I conclude to spend another summer in Florence, it is my intention to send to Connecticut for the express purpose of procuring a patent refrigerator, in order to preserve the few half-formed notions that float through my brain during the scorching months of June, July, and August.

The description you gave of your cool retreat was absolutely refreshing; and for some days after the receipt of your letter I made it a practice, whenever I found myself in a particularly "melting mood," to read it over and fan myself with the envelope, in order to have the full benefit of any faint breath of mountain air it might have brought hither in its folds. And then the cold spring water you talk about; it is too good, or rather it is too *bad*, to think of in this latitude! The "milk like cream,"



which you lay so much stress upon, I can only say, you are perfectly welcome to it; it would n't keep here, and it sours one's mind to think of milk when the thermometer stands at one hundred degrees in the dairy! However, we are all anxious to remain here during our stay in Italy. I did not know how much I liked this town myself till I got back from Rome. Florence has been very hot this summer; but I learn the usual places of resort in this vicinity have been hotter; so that we think we have done wisely in staying at home.

I have received from Paris a good description of Vanderlyn's picture for the rotunda at Washington. The subject is the "Landing of Columbus," and is said to be a fine painting. Powers has finished his alterations in the Eve.' He has improved it in action and expression; certainly in proportion.

Are you painting this summer, and is your brother modelling? You really cannot spend all your time *in* and taking *in* water. I wish I could send you some interesting news, but it is out of the question. Nothing happens here, and the news

from home reaches you, perhaps, as soon as it does me. Truly yours,

J. M.

Alarmed by accounts of a malignant fever (of much the same character as the Roman fever) which prevailed in Florence, it was thought prudent not to return there till the autumn of 1848. In the mean time Henry Greenough went to Berlin, Dresden, Prague, and Munich, finding much to admire in art and architecture. With Munich, however, he was not so entirely delighted as the sculptor, though greatly interested in the galleries and buildings.

FLORENCE, July 30, 1847.

DEAR HARRY,—I went immediately to Faldi's to arrange with him about an apartment, but found none. I have received your very pleasant letter just after your return from Munich. I agree with you in the main about the solidity of Bavarian art, but I think you are hardly just to the Walhalla. Not that it is not a royal whim-wham ; it is ; but it is so nobly carried out, that I must admire it. As for the admixture of good and indifferent in the works

there, that must be the case in all assemblages of contemporary efforts. Vatican and Pitti Palace collections are expurgated editions of many ages. The Victories by Rauch I think more highly of than you seem to. They do not reach the embodiment of the idea at all, but they are studies of style, and very happy ones.

Your letter was read to me while I modelled, and I twice jabbed the stick into the work. Where do you stow all those reminiscences and anecdotes, so as to have them ready at a moment's warning?

I can't say I regret your disappointment about the Faldi house; I shall have not only the sweets of your more frequent society, but assistance and comfort from the neighborhood of your family.

You speak of a pair of horses. One-horse broughams are very fashionable, and for town service every way better than a regular turnout, which requires a footman. I am about to rig up my little carriage in that way.

Pray remember me kindly to all those gentlemen who inquire after me, and always to Baron Tindall. Yours,

HORATIO.

## REVOLUTION IN FLORENCE.

At this time, in 1847, the wind was sown that was to be reaped in the whirlwind of 1848, when week after week, and sometimes daily, kings were blown from their thrones. In Poland the nobles rose in rebellion, and the peasants (supposed to be bribed by secret emissaries from Austria) entered their masters' palaces on a certain day and with scythes and other farming implements massacred many families, receiving a guerdon for every head. Freiwaldau sheltered some of the refugees.

Among the many distinguished men we saw there, Szechenyi, Primate of Hungary, was one of the most interesting. The political troubles on his return to his country affected his mind fatally.

In the autumn of 1847 we found Florence peaceful, but in '48 there were many disturbances. We paid both for the planting and the uprooting of liberty trees; we saw the burning of the Grand Ducal arms

and the illumination at their restoration, having our windows broken for not participating in it; we heard the Italian hymn of liberty sung by many thousands, and witnessed the departure of the few troops sent as part of the insufficient force to oppose the veteran Radetsky, sacrificed to occupy and satisfy the people. The saddest of the hecatombs was offered by the Grand Duke in person.

One beautiful June morning thirteen hundred youths marched out of the Prato gate, with bouquets on their bayonets, followed by the cannon of the great Napoleon. Most of them, apparently, were under twenty years of age, and they looked as if bound on a pleasure party. Their lives were sold dearly, and gave an effectual though short-lived check to the Austrians.

The few who returned from these unequal battles were a mere handful of dusty, worn-out stragglers, with wailing women following them. That sight must have made the weak old Duke shudder, for his nature was a kindly one, and until his fears were excited for his personal safety, he made a paternal ruler and was very much beloved. The crisis between his adopted

and his native country brought out the effects of the despotic and treacherous nurture in which he had been reared, and proved him to be — what he really was — an Austrian. In 1849 he joined the royal rout, and rumors of Austrian troops being sent to insure the safety of the city were rife.

We had become somewhat accustomed to the idea of Venetia and Piedmont harboring a foreign power ; but it was a new grief, a sudden return to an old pain, to think of Tuscany being desecrated by his presence. Unfortunately a foolish domestic quarrel hastened the event.

A deputation of six hundred Livornese came to Florence and a political difference led to a collision. Shots were exchanged, a sudden tumult ensued, and friends sent us word to escape immediately. The house, upon reflection, seemed safer than the streets. The great *Portone* was barred, and we awaited our doom. More shots were heard at a distance, and we saw the civic guard approaching. They marched up to the massive door and thumped loudly for an admittance which we could not refuse. Up the stone staircase they clanked, saying they must take

possession of the upper rooms to defend the square. Presently they fired from the windows upon a man who was crossing the road and whom they suspected of being from Leghorn. The six hundred visitors were shut in the Church of Santa Maria Novella for safety, and for many hours ruffians armed with clubs prowled about to waylay any unfortunate straggler supposed to be of their number.

In the dead of the night the civic guard unbarred the church doors, hurried the frightened inmates to the railroad, and sent them back to their own town, ending in this way one of the few disturbances during the almost bloodless revolution; but the catastrophe was hastened, and probability became certainty. Austrian troops in large numbers were seen near Florence.

A decree for the surrender of arms was put forth; and as we lived near the fortress, we beheld the daily humiliation of the Italians, who in sad procession passed to lay down their means of defence.

Another June had returned, as glorious as that which witnessed the murder of the gallant Tuscan youth. Going out for an

early drive, the trampling of feet and clouds of dust betokened the approach of the intruders. Sheltering ourselves under a palace doorway on the Lung Arno, 18,500 travel-stained soldiers marched by near enough to see their bronzed faces. Perfect silence and order were preserved, the helpless crowds of Florentines not uttering a sound. Each one of the regiment wore a tuft of green in his cap, and we realized Macbeth's feelings when he saw Birnam Woods moving towards him.

The *Cascine* presented a fine subject for one of Vernet's immense military pictures ; for there were the 1,500 cavalry, their cannon driven into the fields, their arms stacked, their horses tied to the shrubbery, while the men were bivouacking on the ground.

In a wonderfully short time Florence housed the twenty thousand. Private stables were used without ceremony, and there was a report that officers and men would be quartered among resident families ; but these liberties were not taken with Americans.

It is well to revert to these scenes in order fully to appreciate the progress Italy



has made since she was a united kingdom, ranking at present with the great European powers. King Umberto, who before the death of Victor Emmanuel was thought to have inherited the failings without the virtues of his father, has evinced energy, courage, and humanity, and won the esteem and affection of his subjects.

The events of 1849 disturbed Greenough very much. His love of freedom and education in a land of liberty made foreign despotism in his second home a daily annoyance ; and he found the study of Austrian character in Italy far less interesting than in Austria.

We must acknowledge, however, that German officers and soldiers behaved, generally speaking, with remarkable propriety in Florence ; and had we not identified ourselves so entirely with the Italians, we might have enjoyed their fine bands of music and perfect military tactics.

As it was, however, the clanking of chains was heard under these gay concealments, and the most triumphant music sounded like Liberty's dirge.

In June, 1850, Henry Greenough returned with his family to America. Dur-

ing the winter of 1849-50 we saw Margaret Fuller and her husband frequently, as after the Roman revolution they made Florence their home. Marquis Ossoli (about whom there has been a great deal of misapprehension) was singularly grave and dignified, — the only Italian we ever met who had not the national vivacity and expressive gesture. His hands did not speak for him, nor his eyes become luminous enforcers of his meaning; but if he did not possess the attractions belonging to an impulsive and imaginative race, he seemed to have escaped some of their faults, appearing self-poised and truthful.

Madame Ossoli had given freely of her time and strength to the wounded soldiers in the Roman hospitals, and her reminiscences were very interesting. The last time we saw them was a few days before they left Florence for Leghorn, and with them was their attached friend and fellow-sufferer, young Horace Sumner. They talked much of the difficulty they had found in deciding how they should return to America. After we had surmounted the six flights of stairs leading to their apartment, Browning followed, carrying his in-

valid poetess, to bid them adieu. In view of the superior economy and convenience of embarking, the choice of a sailing-vessel seemed a wise one to all present.

We parted, hoping to meet again. Fate willed it otherwise ; and on our arrival in Boston the 23d of July, 1850, we were inexpressibly shocked by hearing of the tragedy on board the "Elizabeth" on the 19th.

FLORENCE, July 8, 1850.

MY DEAR HARRY,—I got your letter yesterday with great relief and satisfaction, and hope you will remain in Paris long enough to rest thoroughly, and that you will give me some notion of how things are going.

Your pictures I got at the Dogana yesterday. The Inspector was going to insist upon security deposit, and I know not what ; but when he heard the name of Greenough he rose, uncovered, and said "all was right." He then told me he had always remembered a calembourg of mine, and proceeded to relate how, many years since, finding some difficulty in pronouncing my name, he was asked "if he could

not say *pellegrino*" (pilgrim); and then was told to take the *pelle* (skin) from the pilgrim and my name would be left! "Sir," said he, "I never saw a young man wider awake than you at that time." It was *you* he meant.

I have seen Richard's sketch, and think highly of his capacity. With time, he will do much.

I observe that Barry's new Houses of Parliament are beginning to make their qualities felt, and create disappointment. I pronounced them colossal gewgaws when I saw them, and believe I was right.

The heat has set in thoroughly, and we feel it.

HORATIO.

FLORENCE, Aug. 13, 1850.

MY DEAR HARRY, — I returned yesterday morning from Leghorn. On my arrival I took up the newspaper and was shocked beyond measure to read the dreadful fate of poor Margaret Fuller and her family. I began immediately to think about you, and decided you must have been out in the same gale. I suffered terribly about you until this morning, when a

friend called to tell me you were safe and sound and going out to dine, which was equivalent to a cry of "All 's well!" across the water.

Poor old Bezzuoli has been ill all summer. I went to see him, and found his gray head and beard stretched on a twilight pillow, calling for, "Drink, Titinius!" in the most doleful tones. However, I got him talking about Wallis, and he cheered up amazingly. "Eh! figlio mio [translation], with all his follies, he was a remarkable man. But as to his morality! That picture, for example!" Then followed the story of the false bottom to the trunk, and the diamonds; raising his hands out of bed and holding them like a basin: "He said Giuseppè gave them to him; eh, it *may be*, but it is all very dark."

I hope you will give me some idea of how things are going on at home. I have just received a letter announcing your arrival. As I told you, I was relieved before. Sumner looked as if such a fate impended over him, and as if he had an instinctive prevision of it.

I am sorry to say it, but for the present Florence has lost much of its charm for

me, perhaps a season at home would restore it. Chapman (an artist of merit) says a painter is like a fish out of water, in our country. Let me hear all about this.

Yours affectionately,  
HORATIO GREENOUGH.

On his return to America Henry Greenough became actively engaged in building. His friend Edmund Dana having presented a lot of land in Cambridgeport for an Athenæum, his plan was adopted. He also built houses for Professors Agassiz and Guyot, Judge Loring, and many others in Cambridge and Boston. He was sent for later to superintend the decoration of the Crystal Palace, where he enjoyed the companionship of the American Commissioners, Admirals Davis and Dupont, and Messrs. Sedgwick, Silliman, and Batchelder. The direction of a large corps of Italian fresco-painters, with whose nature and language he was familiar, proved a congenial task. This attractive building was erected by two Danish architects, Carstensen and Guildermeister. It was destroyed by fire some years after.

The opening of the Exhibition was advertised for a certain day ; the British Commissioners (the Earl of Ellsmere and Sir Charles Lyell) were there, when Monte Lilla, the head painter, declared the finishing of the dome an impossibility ; but the Superintendent would not hear of delay. Fortunately the era of strikes and race enmities had not begun, and by encouragement, lighting the building thoroughly, adding a few Americans to the Italian painters and remaining with them till after midnight, all was completed.

Becoming much interested in chromatic decoration, he wrote an essay on the subject for Professor Silliman, who was editing a book on the New York Exhibition.

In the following years Henry Greenough published two novels, — “Ernest Carroll” and “Apelles,” and translated Jules Sandeau’s clever and unexceptionable story, “Sacs et Parchemins.”

This work, being carried on in the late evenings, affected his eyes unfavorably ; and when a plan he submitted for the Agassiz Museum was accepted, he was fortunate enough to be assisted by the able architect Mr. George Snell.

FLORENCE, Oct. 4, 1856.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I have at last succeeded in getting the block of marble from Seravezza for the group. I propose petitioning Congress for leave to exhibit the group at New York, and I would have a cast made from the marble shown at the other large towns if you think it would pay for the moulding and insurance. I think it would draw, unless there was some unlucky division of the public interest at the time.

I wish you would ask what is thought of Davis's "Revelations of Nature" by men of science. It is a strange puzzle to me. Some parts seem the work of a madman; others are clear, connected, strong, and beautiful. Pray ask Sumner what Emerson thinks of it.

Here is a Genevese who makes miniatures on paper by tinting talleetypes, and they are really most successful, as you shall see.

I enclose a sketch of "Apollo the Avenger," which I am to model (if you think of it as I do), except the drapery, which is not satisfactory.

Gibson said the other day of my Venus



Vincitura, "I don't know when I have seen such a statue as this, whether for grace, form, or style."

Yours,

HORATIO.

These remarks by Gibson, brother of the sculptor, were deserved, the Venus mentioned being one of Greenough's latest and most perfect works. It was modelled in a material of his own invention; and when cast, the plaster was stippled with some instruments designed by him and Powers till the surface was of the finest finish. Unfortunately the statue was broken into so many pieces before its arrival in America that restoration was not attempted.

At this time it is pleasant to find that his devotion to his art had been rewarded by an assured success, as many confidential letters testify. We give the following extract to show his gratification at having attained a European reputation.

OCT. 10, 1850.

MY DEAR HARRY, — Young Falcini works with me as a pupil. He is a capital fellow, and I think I shall make something of him.

I am obliged for your remarks about the Apollo. *Ci penseremo.*

The studio has been overflowing with strangers of all nations, Russians, French, and English. I had as many as four lords at the same time last week. The impression made by the group and the Venus is such that I am anxious to exhibit them in England before going to America. I assure you the most enthusiastic feeling is expressed for the Anglo-Saxon conqueror in the group.

No one has more happily told what I meant than a distinguished French gentleman who was with me yesterday. He said: "J'admire au plus haut degré, la douce fermeté de cette nature supérieure, qui, tout en conquérant, sent la compassion." Words to that effect are uttered constantly. This is really a success, if you consider the subtlety of the combination here supposed.

Yours, HORATIO.

FLORENCE, Oct. 22, 1850.

MY DEAR HARRY, — Your letter dated October 1st reached me to-day, and gave us immense satisfaction. I am truly delighted you found them all well. I was

pleased to hear of the Master's [Mr. Edmund Dana] flourishing. His comparison of the Puseyite sect is admirable. I hope you will note down some of his chat, for it does me good.

Since summer heats have passed, I have modelled the Genius of Italy between the Priest and Soldier, and also a Genius of Poesy.

The Trollopes have gone into the house that corresponds to my studio, in the northern corner, towards Monte Morello. I talked so much about the imprudence, that Tom Trollope bought a new-fangled fumigation warranted to obviate all bad effects. Yesterday, however, he stooped down to take up a cat, and could not get up again, seized with horrid pains. I hinted that perhaps fresh mortar was the cause! And Nichols has taken a new house in the rear of me; he had a great temptation in a lovely studio. (I keep my eye on this place for you. By Jove! it is superb.) If he does n't *ki-ei* before long, I'm mistaken. The house opposite, which we have thought of, has been vacated by Tennyson; but we have decided to have none of it.

I hear Frank Higginson is in Brattleboro'

(I should like to exchange salutations with him), and Stephen Perkins at home. His remarks on the Washington echo my own impressions when I made it in a glow of zeal and enthusiasm.

Falcini is a fine young fellow ; he works like a Trojan, solely for the *vendaggio* (as he expresses it) of being a son of mine in art. That is the sort of sympathy I want. I don't allude to the *advantage*, but to the faith presupposed. The boy works well.

Two sisters of Count Ruspoli [one of Greenough's most intimate friends] have been here ; they are just like our best Bostonians. Could not T. B. Curtis get him a consulship somewhere in the Sardinian States ? I should be delighted ; for the poor fellow is ill at ease on account of his political bias, though he takes no active part. He is really noble, and as prudent as he is upright. His father was a man of sturdy integrity and high-mindedness.

I have been combating superstition lately in a friend who opens the Bible to find a consolatory passage. The Bible may, or may not, be a *consoling* book. If one finds it so, it must be by its general scope and solid doctrines, and not by the

meaning of a chance passage. If we reflect, we shall see that death is a benevolent institution, and that the bitter grief for the loss of friends is still more so. Though we occasionally suffer greatly, we must not forget the source of comfort, security, and love which dwells always with us, knowing that our lives and health are dear and necessary to our relations. My philosophy and my religion, therefore, are to avoid evil by all the means in my power ; but to bear what can't be helped, because God did it.

I have also heard Swedenborg eulogized ; but though mortifying to say "I don't know," it is shorter, safer, and fairer than such answers as he gives to human ignorance and terror.

HORATIO.

FLORENCE, Jan. 30, 1851.

MY DEAR HARRY, — I cannot yet make up my mind not to exhibit in London, not having received the calculations of the expenses. Mr. Lawrence deputed a Mr. Miller to look after the matter, and I must wait for further inquiry. I lean to your opinion as regards England, but shall exhibit in America if allowed.

A very able French draughtsman has requested to lithograph the Castor and Pollux, and the group he is now drawing from by an invention of my own with which he is much pleased. The method is this : A copy being carefully made out on paper is placed under a square of thin, white ground-glass, and the drawing stumped and deepened with lead-pencil ; the high lights are put in with white *gouache*. It works evenly, rapidly, and bears any amount of tooling and erasure, of course.

I get no signs of life from Washington. I trust Mr. Webster will be urged to have a ship come by June 10, at latest, to take the group. I try to fight on manfully ; though very desirous of going to America this winter, we shall probably wait till the spring.

I have left my banker *pro tem*. So much for not giving an old and valuable client the best terms. I never before took the soundings of a Jew banker's heart. The man is quite attached to me, in a sort of social, percentage manner, — half sentiment, half habit, and all trade, — which is comical.

HORATIO.

[COPY.]

*Horatio Greenough to Hon. S. A. Eliot.*

FLORENCE, March 18, 1851.

DEAR SIR, — I hasten to give you my warmest thanks for your kind and prompt attention to my necessities, and to explain to you what I am led to suppose is not thoroughly understood in my plans.

I am well pleased with the grounds on which the President objects to my exhibiting the group in London. My object in sending it there was not gain, but a desire (I trust excusable) to show my work to Europeans, before whom, of course, I could not expect to pass for anything more than I deserve. This desire was the more excusable if it be remembered that the first great work I executed it was proposed to throw into the river Potomac, — a proposition which I believe never would have been made had that statue been seen in England before going to America. I do not wish to lay any great stress on the crude opinions expressed at that time of such a work of statuary. Those men had not, neither could they have, any adequate

conception of the scope of my art, of its difficulties, or of the other productions of ancient sculptors, with whose works those of modern artists must stand or fall.

I hope to show you by my group that I lost neither heart nor zeal in consequence of the rough handling I then experienced.

The President seems not to be aware that Colonel Trumbull and Mr. Weir were allowed to eke out their remuneration by exhibition. If such liberty was granted to painters whose whole outlay would not buy the marble for the group, what must my claim be? My wish to exhibit in America has not so much reference to gain as to reputation. I wish it to be seen by those who cannot go to Washington.

Begging that you will recall me to the kind remembrance of Mr. Ticknor, I remain, dear Sir,

Your obliged servant,

HORATIO GREENOUGH.

FLORENCE, April 14, 1851.

MY DEAR BROTHER, — As I have had no news of any kind from the Secretary, I was relieved by the arrival of Commodore



Morgan, who says that he will send home the group in a store ship if the case will go down the hatches.

You will see by the enclosed sketch that I have introduced the household dog, but you do not see with what excellent effect. Take my word for it that it is a note wanting in the tune. The mother and child are in point of material superior to the rest ; the tint is a perfect match.

I hope to hear soon from Webster or the Secretary of the Navy. The Government will probably require no further certificate, as the group is to come home ; nevertheless, Mr. Binda will soon be here, and I will furnish one.

Yours,

HORATIO.

RETURN HOME OF THE  
SCULPTOR.

IN 1851 Greenough decided to return to his native country. The Austrians continued their occupation of Florence, and their soldiers and spies thronged the streets and cafés. One day on driving back to his stables he found several cavalry soldiers quartered there. He instantly wrote to the American consul at Leghorn and obtained a diplomatic office which freed him from these unwelcome guests. The charm of his home was in a measure destroyed, and he longed for a free country, far removed from the despotic injustice which he was forced to witness. He thought also that circumstances were becoming more favorable for artists in America.

CANTON DE VAUD, July 25, 1851.

MY DEAR BROTHER, — Uncertain of my stay here, my letters have accumulated at

Baring's, and I have learned the death of our dear brother Alfred. This affliction increases, if possible, my desire to join the family and to be once more near mother.

I know not how I could have borne this life of disappointment, anxiety, and inaction, but for the tranquillizing effect of the lovely scenery among which we live. In the presence of these giant hills, where every object speaks of a cataclysm that must have capsized the globe and perhaps brought it within the sphere of attraction of some other planet, man and man's doings seem but of little importance. The Earth here appears to be a monstrous creature whose breath you see and whose pulsations you count.

We are at a tolerably comfortable hotel, where we see much of the higher class of Swiss. I like them very well.

I cannot say any more now, for I feel cut to the heart. I hope and trust this cruel blow will be softened for the bereaved family.

God be with you all, and grant that we soon meet.

Yours affectionately,

HORATIO GREENOUGH.

BRUSSELS, Sept. 3, 1851.

MY DEAR BROTHER, — I have the satisfaction of informing you that we arrived safely here yesterday from Switzerland, having steamed down the Rhine. We are now within twelve hours of Paris and twenty-four of London, so that I feel almost at home.

I have been surprised and delighted at the beauty of this city. I have seen nowhere such sustained respectability in the buildings and such metropolitan order and display without the monotony of rectangles or the hubbub of a great town.

I intend to run up to Paris for two or three days, if only to see Lamartine and Victor Hugo. I admire and love these men.

I find here as minister my old friend Mr. Bayard, of the Senate. He has become very American, even a little democratic, by seeing European doings behind the scenes.

The Yankee yacht has beaten all the best English craft of that description in a manner quite satisfactory to the owner.

I enclose a rough draft of the form of Mr. Dwight's monument. If you can spare

time to make out a clean one I shall be obliged.

I have had another of Emerson's books, — "Representative Men." There is a deal of talent in it. It is both ambitious and captivating; but I cannot entirely accept it.      Yours truly,

HORATIO.

I shall sail next month. I hope you will see that Mr. Ticknor's bas-relief has a good light.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 18, 1851.

MY DEAR HARRY, — Here I am in private lodgings, and learn with much satisfaction that orders have been sent to Commodore Morgan to ship the group.

I saw our old acquaintance, A., in New York. He piloted me about town, and amused me not a little, directing my attention to what was good, in "his opinion," and calling me impatiently from inferior things which struck my untutored eye!

A man here high in office, in answer to my question to whom I should go to inquire about matters relating to the public buildings, said, "Well, we don't think it's of much importance who takes care of these

things; there ain't much of 'em. I believe Captain Easley is the commissioner." If you wish to give an idea how this was said, speak as if your mouth and tongue were clogged with baked beans. My only answer was a low bow.

I enclose the "Guide du Voyageur," which will give you a bird's-eye view of the amount of interest attached to works of art here.

I wish with all my heart you would come here some fine day; you could pass your time very pleasantly.

You must have had pleasure in hearing that with one accord I was looked to as the sculptor of Cooper's monument. Glorious Cooper! Those who wrote and sold their spiteful attacks on him, now rave about his glory. They want the monument here. I will never make it for this town.

I have not yet given up all thoughts of remaining in America. There is a better field than you are aware of in many respects. If I go away, it will be to enjoy my leisure and my books.

HORATIO.

NEW YORK, April 12, 1852.

MY DEAR HARRY, — In answer to yours of Thursday, I have only to urge that Union Square is a vast one, and that my statue [Greenough had received an order for an equestrian statue], when it breaks upon the eye from Broadway, will look mean if not of the heroic size. However, I am willing to wait till you come.

I have associated Mr. Brown with me in this task. He has a set of French bronze-workers in Brooklyn.

I have a superb daguerrotype of Cooper which Brady furnished, seeing "I was one of the brotherhood." He wanted to add my phiz to his collection ; but I escaped by asking him to wait till I shaved, which he said he would do gladly, as he thought I should be much improved !

Stiles [former minister to Austria] often speaks of you. His book, "Austria in 1848 and 1849," will appear shortly.

Tuckerman is quite a *littérateur*. I like some of his writings. If you want to read some sharp criticism of nonsense, get "Lectures and Miscellanies," by my friend Henry James, Sen. The style is very fine.

Master Ned Dana would find many nuts to crack in it.

Your affectionate brother,  
HORATIO GREENOUGH.

Upjohn tells me he is about to introduce the cream-colored brick from Buffalo, where they paint it red! I confess to you that I look forward to Washington with a feeling akin to dismay. I want to finish my horse figure by September.

NEWPORT, May 20, 1852.

MY DEAR HARRY, — Twice in my life I have smelt what seemed to unlock old, closed-up cavities in the brain and lungs and added ten years' vitality to my frame. First at Havre, where I caught the odor of kelp and seaweed after being ten years on the shores of that dead sea the Mediterranean; and secondly, this morning, when I went out of the house after my bath and popped upon a forest of sweet-brier that seemed to be trying how sweet and strong it could breathe.

God is great and Newport is His abode.  
I hope you will be pleased to learn that



I have some hopes of getting afloat a fire-proof hotel in New York. I have talked the matter over with many persons of wealth and influence, and two hotels having been consumed in the town lately, and several persons burned, I beat while the iron was hot.

I have been amusing myself here by an article on a mean criticism of Durand which came out in the "Tribune." When it is printed I will send you a copy.

You will remark that though the papers assert that Commodore Morgan has been ordered home peremptorily with the group, he is not on his way.

Some of the leading men of letters in New York have whispered to me of a professorship of Art in a university on a grand scale, which they would like to have me take. I was invited to meet a committee on the subject, but was out of town.

Young master printer's devil has arrived and I must close.

Yours,

HORATIO.

Cannot you agree to meet me here some Saturday ?

It will be seen by some of these late letters how wounded the sensitive feelings of the sculptor had been by the reception of the first national work of importance in Washington and the not giving it a fitting location ; by the delay in sending for his group and disappointing his hopes of exhibiting it and by not receiving a restitution of the money he had expended.

Under these circumstances, the reception of a commission for an equestrian statue in New York was most gratifying. The idea of representing Washington as a General in uniform, and giving an historical as well as a poetical representation, was very pleasing. He took a studio and went to work with enthusiasm, but with a tired mind, which, brimming with original thought, led him to write many essays and deliver some lectures. He modelled his horse, and then fatigue and excitement did their work. He was attacked by brain fever, and died after a short illness, in the maturity of his manhood and genius, Dec. 18, 1852.

As soon as the death of Horatio Greenough was known in Rome, a meeting of the American artists was held at the residence of Crawford. "The honorable

Lewis Cass, *Chargé d'Affaires*, made a few remarks on the eminent qualities of the deceased," and then his younger brother artists, Crawford and Story, spoke in generous and eloquent terms. From these tributes to his memory by the most distinguished of the American sculptors in Rome we shall only give the following extracts.

Mr. Crawford addressed the meeting.

"GENTLEMEN, — Horatio Greenough arrived in Rome twenty-seven years ago, at a time when with us at home sculpture may be truly said to have been in its infancy. He brought with him rare learning, ardent ambition, and a determination to succeed in a profession the difficulties of which are almost insurmountable.

"A truer, more noble, and more affectionate heart never existed than the one now so silent in the grave of Horatio Greenough, who has been suddenly called away in the vigor of life, with a long vista of years, works, and honors before him."

W. W. Story then proposed resolutions, from which we make the following extracts :—

"That we have heard with deep regret of the death of our countryman and brother artist, Horatio Greenough ;

"That by his early and ardent devotion to sculpture at a period when this department of art was scarcely known or practised in our country he is fairly entitled to be considered as the pioneer of American sculpture. He attained a public fame of which we in common with all Americans are justly proud. He brought to his profession the accomplishments of scholarship, and pursued it with liberality of spirit and elevation of purpose. He lived not merely for success, but to elevate Art ; and no personal rivalry or jealousy dwarfed the loftiness of his aim.

"We feel, therefore, that in him we have lost not only an able and educated artist, but an honorable and high-minded man."

The following letters were sent by R. H. Dana to Henry Greenough.

*Edward Everett to Charles Sumner.*

WASHINGTON, December, 1852.

DEAR SIR,— You can tell Mr. Dana that I have given a great deal of attention

to Mr. Horatio Greenough's affairs since I came here. He wrote on my first arrival; I answered all his letters and put things in a good train. To my last letter I received no reply, but the newspapers soon furnished the sad explanation of his silence.

His troubles in adjusting his affairs with the Government were not wholly the fault of those in office. His great genius did not lend itself as much as could have been wished for his own comfort to business affairs.

I wrote a day or two since to our consul at Leghorn, directing him to ship the group by the first merchant vessel that will sail directly to this district; and as soon as Mr. Greenough's estate will present a properly stated account against the Government, I think I can promise it will be paid.

It is desirable that this should be done before the 4th of March. After that day there will be an extensive change in the public officers, and it is not certain that the new-comers will find time to attend to and understand this business. It *is* understood now at the Treasury, and there is a willingness to settle it.

I had a great respect for Mr. Greenough as an artist and an equal regard for him as a man.

Yours sincerely,

EDWARD EVERETT.

*Charles Sumner to R. H. Dana, Jr.*

WASHINGTON, Dec. 25, 1852.

MY DEAR DANA, — I admired Greenough, and was much attached to him also. I met no artist abroad, of any country, whose conversation and culture impressed me so much as his. His death came upon me like a bolt.

Your letter touched me ; and as the best way of interesting Mr. Everett in the speedy settlement of those harassing accounts, I at once enclosed it to him. I already knew his desire to be of service in the matter. Here is his reply, which I hope you will put in the hands of the proper person (I presume Henry Greenough) to act upon its suggestions.

All will see the importance of taking advantage of the present favorable moment.

I feel a regret at not having seen your father during my brief visit home.

Ever yours, CHARLES SUMNER.

Henry Greenough died Oct. 31, 1883, surviving Horatio thirty-one years. The following lines, written shortly before his death, show a lingering appreciation of the time spent in Florence in early manhood.

TO ITALY.

On thy fair bosom in my early youth  
I laid my head to rest in sweet content,  
But little dreaming that the founts I drained  
Gave to my growing mind of nourishment  
A priceless store.

What from that bosom I unconscious drew  
Is ever present to my memory now ;  
For thee I yearn with truly filial love,  
And long to kiss thy dear maternal brow,  
Sweet land, once more !

It cannot be in life ; the time is near  
When all my earthly travel shall be o'er ;  
But if in other worlds the soul be free,  
Then mine shall wing its joyful way once more  
To thy loved shore !

Several of the descendants of the Greenough family showed a facility for art ; three became professional artists, — Charlotte, daughter of Horatio Greenough ; the late lamented Richard Gordon, son of R. S.

Greenough, a promising painter ; and Edgar Corrie, son of Laura Greenough Curtis, who died while successfully practising architecture.

Alfred, son of Alfred Greenough, after graduating from Harvard College, entered l'École des Beaux Arts at Paris, where he remained many years, with the idea of fitting himself for the profession of an architect.

Later he went on a sketching tour in France and Italy, having attained great skill in drawing and mastered all details which he thought would be useful in his calling. He strove for perfection in everything ; and while his contemporaries were in active business he was still adding to his stores of knowledge.

We who had watched the bud of promise and the mature flower looked for the ripened fruit in vain, for on the eve of returning to Boston he died in Rangoon.

The following tribute by a friend and fellow-traveller is as remarkable for its justness as for its appreciation of the character of a man who added to acquirement and accomplishment high principle, moral worth, and refinement :—

“We so often say that a man is a high-



toned gentleman in jest, that the phrase has almost lost its real meaning ; but if ever there was a man who deserved it in earnest it was he. 'Sans peur et sans reproche,' 'a perfect gentleman,'—all the common phrases, grown commonplace for want of men to apply them to, come back to me in thinking of him. A man of the highest and purest tastes and aims, and yet not a dreamer ; scrupulously and minutely conscientious as regarded himself, yet considerate and sympathetic with other people ; governing his own life by rigid and, as I believe, almost ascetic rules, yet perfectly human and liberal ; a man who never talked of religion, but who lived up to the highest ideal any religion can show ; a man of the most delicate conscience and the highest sense of honor I ever knew.

"He had worked steadily for nineteen years at his profession, always finding something left to learn, and not satisfied until he had learned it. And now, just as he had done his work and satisfied his ideal, high as it was, he dies ! His natural element was art ; and I know no one who had in it a keener insight, a wider

experience, a sounder judgment, a quicker perception, or a purer ideal than Alfred Greenough."

We will close these Memoirs with the last letter received from him.

DELHI, Feb. 3, 1884.

MY DEAR AUNT, — I cannot tell you how afflicted I am by all the sad news which has come to me after months passed without any tidings of home.

For me dear Uncle Henry always has been and always will be so inseparably associated with my idea of home that it will be changed indeed without him. Besides the charm of companionship which endeared him to us all, and the community of tastes and subjects of thought which I especially enjoyed with him, he has always seemed something more than a relative, — a sort of personification of my family stock, keeping alive for me traditions and ideals in which my father and all his brothers were bred, and to which they owed their best interest and enthusiasm; so that in his company I felt as if I were breathing the atmosphere of a home which was

more than a merely personal one,—of a family home rather, far outdating my remembrance.

To no one is the pleasure of this feeling so great as to those who have been obliged to pass long periods among strangers ; and I, hoping to return soon, had been counting up all the anticipated pleasures, and making plans for a future in our family circle which seem now to be cut adrift. For Uncle Henry's influence on me has been so great that his passing away seems like the disappearance of a landmark in life, or rather of a great part of the home bourn to which I am bound.

But we must not dwell on a disappointed future when there is so much that is bright and cheerful to be grateful for in the past ; and to that I am sure we shall always revert in thinking of him.

Most affectionately yours,

ALFRED.

THE END.

